

No. 58

MERRY ENGLAND

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THE ENGLAND

1844

THE ENGLAND

The first of the great English writers, who have left their names to posterity, is Chaucer. He was born in the year 1340, and died in 1400. He was a man of great talent, and his works are still read with interest. His most famous work is "The Canterbury Tales," which is a collection of stories told by a group of pilgrims on their way to Canterbury. The second of the great English writers is Shakespeare. He was born in the year 1564, and died in 1616. He was a man of great talent, and his works are still read with interest. His most famous work is "Hamlet," which is a tragedy about a prince who is haunted by the ghost of his father. The third of the great English writers is Milton. He was born in the year 1608, and died in 1674. He was a man of great talent, and his works are still read with interest. His most famous work is "Paradise Lost," which is an epic poem about the fall of man. The fourth of the great English writers is Pope. He was born in the year 1688, and died in 1744. He was a man of great talent, and his works are still read with interest. His most famous work is "The Essay on Criticism," which is a poem about the art of criticism. The fifth of the great English writers is Swift. He was born in the year 1660, and died in 1745. He was a man of great talent, and his works are still read with interest. His most famous work is "Gulliver's Travels," which is a satirical novel about a man who travels to different countries. The sixth of the great English writers is Johnson. He was born in the year 1709, and died in 1794. He was a man of great talent, and his works are still read with interest. His most famous work is "The Dictionary of the English Language," which is a dictionary of the English language. The seventh of the great English writers is Wordsworth. He was born in the year 1770, and died in 1850. He was a man of great talent, and his works are still read with interest. His most famous work is "The Prelude," which is a poem about the poet's own life. The eighth of the great English writers is Keats. He was born in the year 1795, and died in 1821. He was a man of great talent, and his works are still read with interest. His most famous work is "The Endymion," which is a poem about a young man who falls in love with a goddess. The ninth of the great English writers is Shelley. He was born in the year 1792, and died in 1822. He was a man of great talent, and his works are still read with interest. His most famous work is "The Prometheus Unbound," which is a play about a man who is punished for stealing fire from the gods. The tenth of the great English writers is Byron. He was born in the year 1788, and died in 1824. He was a man of great talent, and his works are still read with interest. His most famous work is "The Corsair," which is a poem about a pirate.

MERRY ENGLAND

FEBRUARY, 1888.

A Pilgrimage to Littlemore.

IT was a bright, sunny afternoon, one of those absolutely perfect days which only come two or three times in an English summer, when, crossing Folly Bridge, and turning down past the boat-house, we three, each and all of us light-hearted Oxford "Undergrads," came out on the towing path, which, as far as Iffley at least, was to be the way of our pilgrimage. On our left were Christchurch Meadows, across the river, in the full, fresh glory of their June foliage, with their line of college barges moored to the iron railings, crowded by the bright-flannelled throng of boating men. On our right meadow again, low-lying and divided by hawthorn hedges, where the last blossoms of the may and of the wild plums and "crabs" still lingered, at the end of the first week of June. Passing the mouth of the Cherwell, we left Christchurch Meadows behind us, with the distant tower of "Magdalen"—Oxoniense, "Maudlin"—standing out clear amid the elm trees of "Addison's Walk." Presently, we came to the new University Boat-house, which we duly admired, and then through several meadows, following the windings of the stream, to Iffley Lock. Here, while the meadows on the right, or southern, bank of the Thames remained level as before, those on the other side rose gradually from their fringe of vivid green willows and alders. Iffley itself lies on the hillside, with its quaint old church, nestling among the lowly old-world

cottages. Crossing the narrow bridge of the lock, and passing through the porch of the mill, which judging from its appearance seemed almost as ancient as the village itself, we were soon climbing the short steep hill which leads, past the queer-looking thatched school, to the Church. It is a sleepy, quiet place, so still, on this sunny afternoon, that one might fancy it left behind and forgotten in the hurried march of nineteenth century civilization. Just as well, too, we thought—since “civilization” in the modern mind of Oxford means noisy railway engines, jingling “tram-cars” in the venerable “High” (Street), and the ruthless, Gothic widening of “Maudlin” Bridge, thereby marring all its old beauty. When the colleges and the “Bodleian” are lighted by electricity, when steam-launches trouble the placid waters of the silver Thames opposite Christchurch Meadows, and the Cherwell, like the long-forgotten “Fleet Brook,” has been turned into a drain, civilization will have done its worst for Oxford. Just as well then, surely, that there should be some spots held sacred, where the lover of nature, who, with Cowper, is of opinion that “God made the country, and man made the town,” may muse, in saddened recollection, of an age before “time was money,” and the “almighty dollar” was not yet worshipped.

Iffley Church was, we found, well worth a passing visit. It possesses one of the finest, and most perfect, Norman doorways, of the style known commonly as “herring-boned,” in the south of England. Inside, the arches are equally perfect, and equally beautiful. Of many a contemporary abbey, *perierunt etiam ruinæ*; but Iffley remains, outwardly, *semper eadem*. True, a strange worship, such as our fathers knew not, now rises within its walls, but even such desecration cannot altogether mar its grand, silent, imperishable beauty. It is Durham in miniature, if the comparison may be permitted; but Durham without the incongruous, jarring discord in stone of a Rood-Screen in “decorated Gothic” placed amid round Norman arches. Iffley has no Screen; from

the door to the narrow east windows the view is uninterrupted, and the perspective of the different arches can be seen to fullest advantage.

Silently we knelt in the deserted temple and prayed that its Lord and Master, banished for three hundred years, might quickly return to it again, and then rose and continued our pilgrimage. Passing through more fields, and over rising ground, we came to a gate, from which, looking back, we could see against the western sky the "city of churches" in all her beauty. Modern civilization in all its ugly, brazen shamelessness was hidden by the mystic veil of kindly distance. Christchurch, Merton, Magdalen, we could count them all, and, in the blue mist and quivering sunlight, the city seemed as if the centuries of "improvement" and of pseudo-reformation had been, for the moment at least, rolled back off the dial of time. So may *he* have stood, in the quiet summer evening, and gazed, silently, longingly, at the city he loved so tenderly. But this was not the end of our pilgrimage, though we were very near it now. A narrow lane, leading past a tiny dissenting chapel, such as only English villages can show, a bit of village street, between quaint stone cottages, with overhanging eaves of weather-stained straw, and our journey was ended.

A narrow, humble lych-gate led us into the churchyard. Here *he* had often stood, waiting to read the last words over some departed parishioner. Here *he* had often visited, that saintly, well-loved "Hermit of Littlemore" in whose footsteps we had been treading, in this earthly journey, as we had, one and all, followed him along the narrow pathway which leads through "pastures green" by "the waters of comfort," from the "city of confusion" to the "City of God." He had been a pioneer of that great army, which, leaving behind them friends, homes, and human ambitions, had resolutely shut their ears to the soft syren blandishments of the imperial wanton, to listen only to the wise and tender counsels of their true Mother.

On one side stood the quiet, homely rectory, embowered in trees, and before us the little, simple church. No grandeur here of Norman archway or of Gothic architecture, a humble "chantry chapel" at the most. But we felt, as if, like Moses on the Mount, we should do well, in spirit, to "take our shoes from off our feet," for to us the place whereon we were standing was indeed "holy ground." On this narrow churchyard path his feet had trodden, passing to and fro in the peaceful contentment of a village ministry; a ministry so complete, so earnest in its minutest details that only the pen of his bosom-friend, the saintly Keble, could have painted it worthily, or that of honest, manly George Herbert, had he lived to see it. Along this path, under these trees, he had gone, day after day, to minister, as he knew best, to the little flock committed to his care. Hither he had come, for rest and quiet, from the busy turmoil of the great University, leaving behind him friends, hopes, and earthly fame and influence. A great change truly from the commanding pulpit of the University Church of St. Mary the Virgin;—the church which, with its quaint incongruous porch of twisted columns, crowned with our Lady and The Infant Jesus in stone, looks down in silent, immutable calmness on the hurrying "changes and chances," of restless humanity. The stone image had been very dear to the "Rector of St. Mary's" at all times—placed there as it was by that strange, XVII. century Ritualist, Archbishop Laud, in whose indictment it formed a weighty count, in the minds of Cromwell and his military "Saints." But the "fierce light" of popular criticism and professional jealousy which "beat upon" the University pulpit was all too bright for the gentle soul of the saintly theologian and poet. The famous "Tract XC."—written in the purest good faith—raised about him a very storm of unreasoning bigotry. In those days "the Church of England, as by law established," had not yet learned, like the jackdaw in the fable, with his one peacock's feather, to deck herself, in solemn

mummery, with the robes which she had worn, with rapacious hands, in the hour of her shameless triumph, from the exiled, outraged Church of The living God, whereby she would fain persuade the world that she is what she claims to be. The "Rector of St. Mary's" was summoned before the "Vehmgericht" of the Convocation of Oxford—condemned and "suspended." Gladly did he turn his steps to this quiet, peaceful haven of refuge. Almost without regret he left the noisy arena of theological controversy, to pass, in tranquil meditation, up and down the path between the lowly graves, where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." But for the friends who would stay behind, Keble, Pusey, and others equally dear, he would have left Oxford without a backward glance. One who knew him well in the whole of his Oxford career, has said that never was a mind more pure, more unselfish, more utterly unworldly. His piety was remarkable, even among a band of pious friends, some of whom he was destined to lose, or had already lost, by death; others by the more bitter, more unalterable separation of a difference of faith.

And thus the "Rector of St. Mary's"—the best-beloved, best-abused man in Oxford, became the "Hermit of Littlemore." Quietly he fulfilled the "daily round, the common task," in all its smallest details. The little church, in which he ministered, and which he loved so dearly, stands to-day unchanged in a single particular, just as he left it many years ago. It shows, silently but unmistakably, the estimation in which he is still held by those whom he has left behind, that one vicar of Littlemore after another has kept unaltered everything which "Newman" introduced. In silence and in reverence we entered the simple church. We looked at the narrow coloured windows he caused to be placed there, in memory of departed relatives or friends; the walls which have so often echoed the accents of that gentle persuasive voice; the pulpit where he preached his last sermon, while yet in the breaking darkness; the humble "Altar"

where he so often offered what he then earnestly, conscientiously believed to be the "Pure Offering" of the Universal Church. The cross still stands where he placed it, the lights which so often, in the early morning, shone on his bowed head, as he knelt in lowly reverence and heartfelt prayer, still burn there day by day. All unchanged, after so many years—surely a shrine worthy to be visited by those who, like him, have risen up at the call of God, as did Abraham of old, to "go into the land which I shall tell thee of." Round this little church, and the quiet rectory, gathered all the dearest associations of his heart. Memories of friends who came to visit him, of eager disciples who sought at his mouth warning, guidance or comfort. Under this roof he slept, in this church he ministered and prayed, full of earnest conviction as was Saul the Pharisee, ere the call came which was to "send him unto the Gentiles."

So the days passed in peace. But this quiet "God's acre" was to witness, before very long, a scene of mortal combat, of a vital interest, seldom equalled in the history of God's mysterious dealings with the human soul. Under this peaceful roof, in this little church, and in the shadow of the trees, the fight was fought out. Surely, since Saul of Tarsus fell, blinded with the light that outshone the brightness of the noon-day, was never man so utterly sincere, so utterly changed, so wondrously converted. Step by step, Newman had followed the devious windings of the "Oxford Movement," or rather had been one of its principal leaders, in whose footsteps others had followed, content to reconcile glaring incompatibilities by the magic of *his* influence and *his* example. With him, "Anglo-Catholicism" was carried to its utmost logical limits. Have we not all read of his deep earnest love of the early Fathers; has not his own master-hand traced, in language no other living writer may hope to rival, the story of that terrible conflict? We had come "on pilgrimage" to visit the field made sacred by the saintly hero's direful weary

struggle; to renew, on the scene of his final victory, the early freshness and devotion of conversion.

Yes, as he paced up and down this narrow path, he wrestled with the doubts which beset him, as Jacob wrestled with the angel. Even as the patriarch knew not at first with whom he strove, so he too, time and again, endeavoured to put aside his doubts as suggestions of the evil one. Old friendships also bound him in fetters of which they only know the strength who have passed through a similar experience. Old associations, old convictions, his earnest belief in the reality of the mission of the "English Church," all united to hold him back from the final and irrevocable decision. Many a time, surely, during those hours of bitterness unutterable, that prayer must have risen to his lips, which he has woven into a hymn for all storm-tossed, doubting hearts :

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on."

"One step" at a time was, indeed, enough for him. Slowly, but certainly, the end drew nearer and nearer. We have all read it—how he leaned at last where peace was to be found ; *how*, balancing calmly, reverently, the "Loss and Gain," he declared that "what things were gain unto me, those I counted loss for CHRIST," knowing that only in following HIM was true gain, true peace, true safety.

And so the last sermon was preached in the little church, wherein we were now kneeling, the last "Communion Office" read at that simple "altar," and then, the fight was over at last, and the eternal victory gained. One who followed in his footsteps shortly after his conversion has said : "More than forty years ago I became a Catholic, and, from that day to this, I have never known a single doubt, or one momentary regret." And, were we to ask the question, "the Hermit of Littlemore" would answer in almost the same words. This was the end of the struggle, an end of blessing ineffable, even as the patriarch

gained infinitely more than he could dare to ask, and as Saul of Tarsus, persecutor, Pharisee, and zealot, became the champion of the cross of CHRIST. Of the feeling caused throughout the length and breadth of England by the news of his conversion, those only who remember it can give any adequate impression. The "Church of England" reeled beneath the shock, as beneath that of "Archdeacon Manning's perversion." The fight in those days was harder and more bitter than it is now, though even now, God knows, there are many who bear its scars, and who can tell, by painful experience, how unspeakably hard and bitter it is. The friends who are left behind—sometimes, as in Newman's case, with nothing but sorrow in their hearts, and without one bitter thought—are left behind for ever; the old beliefs are proved vain and delusive, and we go out "not knowing whither we go." "The Hermit of Littlemore" has led the way, and since then hundreds of his brethren, both clergy and laity, have followed him, not only along the intricate by-ways of a pseudo-Catholicism, but also, thank God, along the "paths of pleasantness" which lead to the rest, and peace and safety, of the one Fold.

Of the immediate influence of his conversion it is unnecessary to speak. That of his dearest friends, one, Keble, would have followed him, but that, at the last, he was so closely guarded by his "Puseyite" friends that no Catholic priest could enter the house, is well known. That another, equally dear, remained behind, is only too sadly evident—why, we must not venture to speculate now, lest we should speak uncharitably of one who has long since rendered his account to God. That such an example led many, even at the time, to solve their doubts and difficulties as he had done, many, still living, can bear witness, for when "Newman," as, with reverent familiarity, they loved to call him, had gone before, they were not afraid to follow. Just as Pusey, less blessed than he, or blinded to the Light that might have led him too, kept, and has since kept, many, by his personal

influence, from "entering into rest," so Newman, poet, theologian, and saint, has led many, by his personal example and influence, into that Fold where The One Shepherd guards and watches over His own sheep. Not alone by his example, or by his influence, has he brought to many this inestimable blessing. His writings, unrivalled among the purest literature of any age or time, at least since the Great Doctors of the Church—writings which make men who differ with him in thought, and in belief, as widely as the poles are sundered, proud to call themselves by the name of Englishmen—have taught hundreds of doubting souls the truths which he learned after so long and fierce a struggle.

So ended our pilgrimage to Littlemore. We lingered reverently on the scene of that most wonderful spiritual combat, where still the spirit of the saintly hero seemed to be present, at least to our loving hearts. Men seek the battlefields where their fathers fought "to gain a corruptible crown;" we had visited an arena more glorious, more wonderful than any that witnessed a mere earthly conflict. Even as we might have knelt at Peniel or at the gates of Damascus, so we knelt here; for here an immortal soul had wrestled with the Angel of God, and had won that victory, the way to which lies only through defeat and humiliation.

F. W. GREY.

The Blessed of Merry England.

O MOST blessed martyrs,
You have sign'd the charters
Of our liberty!
Again and yet again
Sealing with crimson stain
Shed so willingly.

Martyr saints, the dearest,
Patron saints, the nearest,
Confessors most true !
Deign to let us love you,
Deign to let us prove you
What your love can do.

Once in changeless meekness,
Once in trembling weakness,
Wasting in your chains ;
Bearing torture-trial,
Bearing base denial—
Patient in your pains.

Death than life is sweeter,
For the Faith of Peter
To give up your breath ;
Dying in dishonour
Dying to recover
England to the Faith.

All as traitors branded,
Taken all red-handed,
In your evil ways :
Mass, and sinner shriven,
Thieves, that robb'd from Heaven—
Blessed theft of grace !

Noble ones who shelter,
When the storm-drops pelter,
And who bravely feed
Those who oft have given
Bread come down from Heaven—
Felony indeed !

How shall we depict you :
As your foes afflict you,
All with fetters tied,
Hands and hearts all gory ;
Or as now in glory,
Blest—Beatified ?

Happy land that gave you !
Yet that would not have you,
Would not let you live.
Knew you then how, later,
Some who call'd you " traitor "
Would, like Saul, believe ?

From your thrones in Heaven
Surely you have given
To each convert aid ;
Tender hands out-reaching,
Each poor heart beseeching
Not to be afraid.

Now at last we know you,
And how much we owe you,
And your martyr blood,
Sprung from knives and halters,
Pleading 'neath our altars,
To the Heart of God.

Own us by your blessing,
English, yet confessing
Peter's Church and God.
May He grant all places
Miracles or graces
Where your steps have trod.

England—blood-be-spatter'd,
Wolf-destroy'd and scatter'd,
Where thy peace of old ?
Cheat thy adversary,
Doubt : and yet be " merry "
In thy ancient Fold.

F. C. VENTRIS.

The Witness of the Wills.

THE publication of manuscripts, which have hitherto lain buried in public and private archives, is a work which cannot fail eventually to revolutionize the methods both of writing and of studying history. History, as it has been traditionally handed down to us, is necessarily so compressed and condensed that it frequently becomes unintelligible. Whilst it preserves the record of certain important events, it fails to exhibit clearly the chain of causes which have led up to them; it brings upon the stage men and women who move and speak and act, but we learn little of those inner feelings and sentiments which inspire their actions. It is just this defect which the publication of these manuscripts is calculated to supply. They are side-lights thrown upon history, which light up its darkest corners, and reveal to us motives, sequences, and relations which we should otherwise never have suspected. They, as it were, bring the periods of history successively under microscopic investigation, and compel it to declare the truth, stripped of the vagueness and mist with which prejudice and ignorance have invested it.

Thoughts of this kind are suggested by the publication of the "*Testamenta Eboracensia, A Selection of Wills from the Registry at York*," by the Surtees Society. The wills are dated between the year 1509, that of Henry the Eighth's accession, and the year 1531, in which Henry took the first decisive step towards separating England from the Unity of Christendom, by exacting from the Convocation a declaration that he was supreme head of the

Church in England—a declaration which the Houses of Convocation reluctantly consented to make, but with the nullifying clause: “As far as the law of Christ will allow.” On a hasty glance one might suppose that the work before us was at best of mere local and personal interest; that the information it furnishes is of value only for those districts and those families with which it is concerned. But such a supposition would be a great mistake, and it is the object of this paper to show that the work supplies much valuable information of general interest. For what have we here? Upwards of 200 wills or extracts from wills, covering a period of about 22 years—a period when England was on the very eve of undergoing a most momentous transformation from a religious point of view. Now it cannot but be a matter of surpassing interest to us to ascertain whether and how far the people were prepared for that transformation. Was the total collapse of ecclesiastical organization, of faith and of religious worship, which we find inaugurated at the end of the reign of Henry VIII., and which culminated in that of Edward VI., the result of a popular movement; or did the popular sentiment in any way co-operate towards bringing about that catastrophe? This is a vital question to which history, as it has been hitherto written, furnishes but an inadequate answer. We see a licentious despot issuing his edicts and decapitating his subjects: we see a servile Parliament registering those edicts under threat of the aforesaid decapitation: we see unscrupulous ministers and impecunious nobles aiding and abetting the tyrant in his nefarious schemes for their own private ends: we see timid, worldly, time-serving prelates faithless to their sacred trust, intruded even into the government of the Church for the very purpose of betraying it. But of the poor, long-suffering people, and what they thought of it all, we see and hear very little. It is true that we read of the Pilgrimage of Grace in 1536—the rising of the people of the northern counties to protest against the recent innovations; to strike a blow for “the

faith, for holy Church and the maintenance thereof;" but this passing meteor descried in the northern sky is soon extinguished in blood and flame; and we see nothing but the corpses of the "pilgrims" dangling from the gibbets of York and Hull and Carlisle.

Now the work before us throws a great light upon this subject. It reveals to us in unmistakable terms the most intimate and secret thoughts and feelings of all sorts and conditions of men and women of this period. True, this work comprises only a selection from the mass of wills contained in the Register; but as we know that the programme of the society which issues the publication includes within its scope everything bearing on religious questions, we may fairly assume that there is nothing whatever in the remaining wills which could invalidate the conclusions we may be justified in drawing from the present volume.

Here we may be permitted to express our acknowledgment of the admirable manner in which Mr. Raine has edited these documents and elucidated them with explanatory notes. The work is a worthy continuation of its predecessors and of other similar works on which Mr. Raine has so long, so ably, and so successfully laboured.

We maintain, then, that special interest and importance should be attached to these documents because they are the last words of dying men and women. In most cases the dates when the will was made and when it was proved are both given; and it appears that in the great majority of instances the will has been made within a very short period of the decease of the testator. In fact, over and over again, we come across the pathetic formula: "Whole of mind, but sick in body." Shakespeare says:

"Oh, but they say the words of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony.
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain

For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain ;
He that no more must say, is listened more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose ;
More are men's ends marked than their lives before."

Hence these wills may be regarded as a series of photographic views exactly reproducing the religious tone and sentiment of that period. It has already been remarked that they also represent all orders and ranks of society, clerical and lay, from an archbishop to a simple cleric ; from the lord of many acres to the unlettered ploughman ; there are wills of church dignitaries, of parish priests and chaplains, of belted knights and the landed gentry with their retainers, of civic functionaries, mayors and aldermen ; of lawyers and professional men ; of merchants, tradesmen, artificers, and mariners ; of yeomen, farmers and their labourers ; of widows of every rank, some of them under the title of "vowess," vowed to continency, according to the ancient custom which seems to have quite disappeared since the collapse of the ancient faith.

What then do we learn from these documents as to the sentiments of those who composed them ? They furnish irrefragable testimony to the integrity of the faith and the fervour of the piety of the English people at that period : testimony, moreover, which is borne to the special doctrines and practices against which subsequent innovators most vehemently protested, and which they succeeded, only too well, in eradicating from the minds and hearts of the people.

One thing that strikes us in these wills is the evident consciousness of those who made them that they were performing an important religious act ; a tradition which has unhappily not survived to our times : for they invariably begin by the testator bequeathing his soul to God, to our Blessed Lady and to all the court of heaven. Nor is this a mere stereotyped formula, written as a matter of course and without reflection ; for we find a variation of form in almost every will, showing that it

was the faith and devotion of the testator that dictated the sentiment. As a specimen of these commendations of the soul, we give the following: it is from the will of Henry Carnbull, Archdeacon of York:* "First and principally I recommend, give and bequeathe, my sinful soul to Him that created and redeemed the same, Christ Jesus, beseeching in my most devout and lowliest manner Almighty God, Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, three Persons in Trinity, and one God, to have mercy of me, sinful creature, praying also this Godhead to pity me, and, of the mercy infinite, to put the excellent Passion between my said soul and the righteous judgment: and where, for my manifold sins and trespasses, I have not made confession, contrition and satisfaction, as I ought to have done, for dread of worldly shame, I axe them now grace and forgiveness thereof, meekly beseeching remission of all my sins that ever I committed sith I was born; beseeching also that most glorious Virgin, the Mother Mary, with all the Angels, Archangels, Evangelists, Apostles, Martyrs, Confessors, Virgins, and all the celestial citizens of heaven to be my advocates, and to pray for me to God for forgiveness of my sins; and that my soul may be saved and come to the bliss that is ordained for all mankind, which never shall have end." It will be seen from this example that our ancestors made their last testament an occasion for eliciting most perfect acts of faith, hope, charity and contrition. It would seem that the same testator, who wrote the above, wished to make a last protest against the Lutheran and other heretics who were then disturbing the peace of the Church; for he concludes his will thus: "Finally, I show to all Christian men that in the passion and wounds of Christ, and in the Sacraments of His Church, I put only my help and health of soul: and that I doubt not, nor never doubted, in any articles of the faith;

* In the following extracts we have modernized the spelling, and, in some cases, the vocabulary, for the benefit of those who are not familiar with archaic and provincial forms.

nor in anything that should be repugnant to the faith of Christ's Church ; for a true Christian man I am, and so I covet, desire and pray to my Saviour I may die."

It is needless to point out that every page of this volume furnishes ample proof of the faith in the propitiatory sacrifice of the Mass, and in the efficacy of intercessory prayer on behalf of the faithful departed. In fact, in most cases, the chief object in making these testamentary dispositions was to secure the benefit of these suffrages for themselves, their kindred and "all Christian souls" : whilst we frequently find that the residuary estate is to be disposed of by the executors in works of piety and charity for the welfare of the testator's soul.

But we cannot refrain from dwelling upon the sad reflection that these pious settlements were destined so soon to be frustrated by the iniquity of the times which followed. Who could read unmoved the following extract from the will of Sir Walter Griffith, a Yorkshire knight : "Also I will that a priest be waged to pray for the health of my soul, my father's and mother's, in the church and chapel of Annas Burton, where my said mother is buried, for the space of forty years after my decease—supposing that by such space as these years shall be ended, mine heirs, of their charitable mind, will devise for the health of their souls and ours in likewise ; and so from heir to heir for ever, so to be continued, which I pray God grant them grace for to do, according to the good example of my mother that this did begin." Little did the worthy knight dream that, long before "the forty years were ended, Catholic priests would be hanged, disembowelled and quartered for doing that very thing which he was engaging them to do by the provisions of his will : how affecting too is that allusion to his mother's good example !" so potent is a mother's example for good or ill. Our readers will no doubt be interested in reading the following specimen of one of these foundations for perpetual masses. It is taken from the will of Geoffrey Proctor, a Craven yeoman. It

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provides that the priest shall say Mass daily for the souls of the testator and of his kindred ; "that is to say : every Sunday, Mass of the Trinity ; of Monday, of *Requiem* ; and that day, after the gospel, afore he got to the lavatory, to pray for the souls afore rehearsed, moving every man to say a *Pater Noster* and an *Ave*, and himself *De profundis* ; every Tuesday, Mass whereof he will ; every Wednesday, *De Vulneribus Christi* ; every Thursday, whereof he will ; every Friday, Mass of Jesu ; every Saturday, of our Lady ; except there be a double feast* that must needs be served ; then, that day, he to be excused, saying a memory of the same that he should have said Mass of ; and daily seven Psalms and Litany with suffrages ; every Monday, Wednesday and Friday *Placebo* and *Dirige* with the commendation of all souls ; every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday our Lady's Psalter according to an ordinance tripartite thereof to be made." The writer of the article well remembers a most impressive exhortation addressed by the late Bishop Grant of Southwark to his clergy, in a synodal discourse, in which he impressed on them the duty of saying Mass as often as they possibly could, if only for this reason, in order to satisfy the countless intentions of those who had left endowments for masses, but whose intentions were frustrated by the alienation of those endowments.

But there is another question which arises on the perusal of these wills. Our ancestors not only founded Masses for their souls' welfare, but, when they had the means, also chantries, which was quite a different thing. Why this custom has grown obsolete is a question that would lead us very far from our present scope. We have the name, and we have the thing, materially at least, so far as the word "chantry" represents an architectural feature in our churches : but where shall we find a chantry-priest ? By endowing a chantry it was implied that the priest should sing the divine office, or a portion of it, daily, or at

* They were much more rare in those times than at present.

stated intervals, for the founder's intention. This was altogether apart from the Trentals of Masses, the *Requiems* and the anniversary obits which were also provided for. Clearly our forefathers believed that the divine office *was* the divine office—the *Opus Dei*, as St. Benedict calls it: they believed that the sacred Liturgy was a vital part of that *œconomia salutis* on which all our hopes are based; it had been the source of strength and consolation to them in life, and, therefore, they wished that its sacred echoes should resound over their last resting-place, until the angel's trumpet summoned them to the great assize. Nor were our forefathers peculiar in this respect. It was a part of the great Catholic tradition. That the sacred Liturgy should enter into the "daily bread" by which the whole Church, laity as well as clergy, is nourished, is not an invention of the middle ages, but is of apostolic institution: and there is little hope that this country will return to the faith of our forefathers until the Catholics of this country have once more grasped this tradition, and are penetrated with that "spirit of grace and of prayers" which makes the Church militant an image and reflex of the Church triumphant. We may best realize how completely this tradition has been lost, by imagining some such incident as this: suppose, in one of our fashionable west-end churches, say, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a priest were to walk into a side-chapel and begin to *sing* the divine office; what a startling effect it would have on the few stray worshippers! We say *sing*, for the veriest tyro in etymological science must know that a chantry implies singing. Let us then turn to our wills, and see how our ancestors understood this matter. We shall find that they never contemplated the recitation of the Divine Office up and down the garden-walk, or on the knife-board of an omnibus. Here is honest Maurice Biront, an organ-builder of York, who says: "I will have an honest priest, that can sing both plain song and prick song, to sing at our Lady's altar, whereas my body is buried: and that he attend every holiday both at Matins,

Mass, and Evensong in the said Church, to help to maintain God's service." Here is another: this time a lady shall speak, Dame Joan Thurescrosse, a Vidua Velata, of Hull: "I will that an honest priest shall *sing* for my soul and my three husbands', and for the souls of my father and mother and my son Robert, with all the souls that I am specially bound to pray for, and for all Christian souls. Also, I will that my executors shall see that the said priest . . . be able to maintain the service of God, and especially on the holidays; and on the working-days, to dispose him as he may to be at the *Salve* of our Blessed Lady: also the said priest the holidays shall dispose himself to say his mass before matins begin: and if it shall fortune him to be behind with, his service, that he cannot say his mass before matins begin. then he to tarry till matins be done" (the shrewd old dame!) "And on the working-days, to dispose himself at any hour convenient. This priest shall sing for my soul and my friends' souls in St. Anne's Chapel, within the Church of our Lady aforesaid." Another interesting example of one of these Chantry foundations is furnished by the will of Thomas Drawswerde, Alderman of York, who directs that the priest shall "pray for my soul, my wives' souls, and all Christian souls;" and shall "sing every night *Sancte Deus, Sancte Fortis*, from Trinity Sunday to Michaelmas, after the discretion of the curate: and for to teach seven childer of the parish, and to take nothing of them; and every week, once to say *Placebo* and *Dirige* with Commendation, and Mass of *Requiem* for all Christian souls." It appears from these and similar documents that Matins, as well as Vespers, formed a part of the public office, on holidays, at least, not only in churches served by the regulars, but also in ordinary parish churches. We think, therefore, that the admonition of the saintly Bishop Grant is susceptible of further amplification; and that, not only might priests be exhorted to be zealous in their sacerdotal office, so as to supply the frustrated intentions of the founders of masses, but the faithful also might be exhorted to

stated intervals, for the founder's intention. This was altogether apart from the Trentals of Masses, the *Requiems* and the anniversary obits which were also provided for. Clearly our forefathers believed that the divine office *was* the divine office—the *Opus Dei*, as St. Benedict calls it: they believed that the sacred Liturgy was a vital part of that *œconomia salutis* on which all our hopes are based; it had been the source of strength and consolation to them in life, and, therefore, they wished that its sacred echoes should resound over their last resting-place, until the angel's trumpet summoned them to the great assize. Nor were our forefathers peculiar in this respect. It was a part of the great Catholic tradition. That the sacred Liturgy should enter into the "daily bread" by which the whole Church, laity as well as clergy, is nourished, is not an invention of the middle ages, but is of apostolic institution: and there is little hope that this country will return to the faith of our forefathers until the Catholics of this country have once more grasped this tradition, and are penetrated with that "spirit of grace and of prayers" which makes the Church militant an image and reflex of the Church triumphant. We may best realize how completely this tradition has been lost, by imagining some such incident as this: suppose, in one of our fashionable west-end churches, say, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a priest were to walk into a side-chapel and begin to *sing* the divine office; what a startling effect it would have on the few stray worshippers! We say *sing*, for the veriest tyro in etymological science must know that a chantry implies singing. Let us then turn to our wills, and see how our ancestors understood this matter. We shall find that they never contemplated the recitation of the Divine Office up and down the garden-walk, or on the knife-board of an omnibus. Here is honest Maurice Biront, an organ-builder of York, who says: "I will have an honest priest, that can sing both plain song and prick song, to sing at our Lady's altar, whereas my body is buried: and that he attend every holiday both at Matins,

Mass, and Evensong in the said Church, to help to maintain God's service." Here is another: this time a lady shall speak, Dame Joan Thurescrosse, a Vidua Velata, of Hull: "I will that an honest priest shall *sing* for my soul and my three husbands', and for the souls of my father and mother and my son Robert, with all the souls that I am specially bound to pray for, and for all Christian souls. Also, I will that my executors shall see that the said priest . . . be able to maintain the service of God, and especially on the holidays; and on the working-days, to dispose him as he may to be at the *Salve* of our Blessed Lady: also the said priest the holidays shall dispose himself to say his mass before matins begin: and if it shall fortune him to be behind with, his service, that he cannot say his mass before matins begin. then he to tarry till matins be done" (the shrewd old dame!) "And on the working-days, to dispose himself at any hour convenient. This priest shall sing for my soul and my friends' souls in St. Anne's Chapel, within the Church of our Lady aforesaid." Another interesting example of one of these Chantry foundations is furnished by the will of Thomas Drawswerde, Alderman of York, who directs that the priest shall "pray for my soul, my wives' souls, and all Christian souls;" and shall "sing every night *Sancte Deus, Sancte Fortis*, from Trinity Sunday to Michaelmas, after the discretion of the curate: and for to teach seven childer of the parish, and to take nothing of them; and every week, once to say *Placebo* and *Dirige* with Commendation, and Mass of *Requiem* for all Christian souls." It appears from these and similar documents that Matins, as well as Vespers, formed a part of the public office, on holidays, at least, not only in churches served by the regulars, but also in ordinary parish churches. We think, therefore, that the admonition of the saintly Bishop Grant is susceptible of further amplification; and that, not only might priests be exhorted to be zealous in their sacerdotal office, so as to supply the frustrated intentions of the founders of masses, but the faithful also might be exhorted to

show their zeal in maintaining and multiplying those religious houses, as yet, alas ! so few in number, where the Divine Praises are daily sung ; so that the intentions of the founders of Chantries may be fulfilled, and that the ministers of God may, with all the gravity and decorum befitting the Divine Service, sing for their souls and for all Christian souls. It cannot be denied that this view of the Church, according to which it is regarded as the organ by which the perpetual anthem of praise is rendered to God Almighty, is little in accordance with the utilitarian theories of the present day ; and if we may judge from the tone of conversation in society, and from the letters which occasionally find their way into our Catholic journals, such a view would be set down as antiquated and hopelessly at variance with modern ideas. But it is precisely for that reason that it is more necessary to insist upon it. Is it not a note of the Catholic Church to "stand by the ancient ways?" Why should the Church of the 19th century differ in such an important respect from the Church of the 16th, and of all the preceding centuries up to apostolic times? Has Dom Guéranger lived in vain? Why should not the Church show that she is a living body in the same way as other bodies show that they are alive, by the utterance of the voice? *Verbum Domini manet in æternum* : and it must be as true now as when holy David uttered it : "*Sacrificium laudis honorificabit me : et illic iter quo ostendam illi salutare Dei.*"

We have undertaken to show that these wills exhibit to us not any stereotyped or perfunctory forms of piety, but proofs of genuine, heartfelt religion, which manifests itself by individual touches of unmistakable sincerity. But here we are met by an *embarras de richesse* ; for we might quote, in proof of our assertion, from almost every page of the volume. Let it suffice then to put before our readers a few examples, which it will be convenient to classify under several heads. First, then, as to the way in which they expressed their belief in the Communion of

Saints. Nothing strikes one more forcibly than the way in which religion entered into the daily life of the people; how it interpenetrated all their sentiments; how all their dearest and deepest affections were bound up with the shrine where they had worshipped, with the saints whom they had venerated during life, and beneath whose benign protection they wished their mortal remains to rest. How touching it is to read the provisions which they made for tapers to burn constantly for a number of years before some favourite altar, picture or statue; as though they wished, after their departure, to leave these mute representatives to take their place in silent veneration, symbols of burning love and self-sacrifice. Here is an example of what one might call the pious ingenuity of devotion; it is from the will of Sir Ralph Bigod of Settrington: "I will that upon my hearse seven tapers shall burn after this order: three in the honour of the Blessed Trinity; with two more in like manner to them in the honour of the Five Blessed wounds of our Saviour; with two more to them, which accomplish the whole number of seven, in the destruction of the seven deadly sins; and during all the service-time that day, all seven to burn; and so from thenceforth, seven to stand upon my hearse the space of a whole year, and to burn after this order: that is to say, every holiday at Evensong, Matins, Mass and latter Evensong, three of them to burn continually during all the service-time; and at every high Mass of Ferial days, one of them to burn; and at every anthem, one of them to burn."

Similar instructions to these are to be found in almost every will. Special devotion to particular saints is a marked feature of these wills. One Anthony Middleton, a York merchant, seems to have been of a jovial temperament, if we may judge by the following bequests: "To the Summer-game light in my parish church, 2s.:" in explanation of which, the editor informs us in a note that "the summer-game was a mediæval pastime, popular and gay. Here and there a light in a church kept up its name

and connected it with religion." The testator continues: "To our Lady's light in the south side, 2s.; to St. Agnes' light, 2od.; to the light that the childer finds in the said church, 2od.: to my neighbours, in the way of recreation, to make merry withal, at their pleasure, 6s. 8d." Occasionally we find instances of devotion to saints who are hardly remembered now, or not at all. Thus a York notary bequeathes a wax candle of one pound weight to burn for two years, before the image of St. Sithe, in the church of St. Michael the Belfry. Who was St. Sithe? A Rotherham man makes the same bequest and calls her St. Scithe; in another will she is called St. Cite. That it was a female saint appears from the name occurring in this volume as a female Christian name. There is no mention of such a saint in Butler; but we strongly suspect that St. Zita is intended. It is certain that the devotion to this saint had been introduced into England as early as the middle of the 15th century; for, in 1456, Sir William Langstrother, a knight of St. John, paid a visit to Lucca, and having obtained from the Bishop some relics of the saint, brought them to England and erected a chapel in her honour at Ely.* An office in her honour had recently been sanctioned by Leo X.; moreover, she was buried close to the scene of her life-long servitude in the church of St. Frigidian, dear to the English nation, for there also was the shrine of our own St. Richard, father of SS. Willibald, Winibald and Walburga. We may also add that the devotion to the servant maid of Lucca has been re-introduced into at least one modern English church;† and stands recorded there "In storied windows richly dight."

But a much more extraordinary saint, who appears at least in two wills of this volume, is St. Sunday. The editor, in a note, says: "This will surprise many. There are other instances." This does not enlighten us much. We have heard of St. Monday,

* Bolland in Vita S. Zita, Apr. 27.

† At Erdington, by the late Rev. Fr. Haigh.

a saint who enjoys a very extensive *cultus*, but whose title to sanctity is, to say the least, dubious. But who was St. Sunday? Can any Bollandist inform us? At all events, John Wadeluf had such a devotion to him (or her) that he desired "to be buried between the picture of St. Sunday (it seems then that St. Sunday had features, we presume human) and the picture of St. Erasmus, in the north side of the church; and bequeathed "a hive of bees to keep the light afore St. Sunday, and St. Erasmus." Robert Roos, a simple rustic, "bequeathes half-a-quarter of barley towards furniture for the praise and honour of the holy Cross, provided it is adored on Good Friday." Let us now hear one of the ladies. Agnes Constable of Withernwick seems anxious to make herself friends of the mammon of iniquity by bestowing her womanly gewgaws on pious uses: "To Blessed Mary of Beverley, my best gown: item to Blessed Mary of Hull, my best riband; to St. John of Bridlington, my best beads; and to St. John's head, a heart of silver." But what is this?—"to a God's love bede, a feyng cloth." We confess we don't comprehend either the bequest or the legatee. Dame Joan Thurescrosse, of whom we have heard before, directs that her "executors shall cause a baldacchino or pall of black velvet to be made to cover the hearse withal in our Lady's Church (at Hull); and thereupon I will have an image of the Blessed Trinity wrought with gold, and a dead man lying before Him in a winding-sheet. And at the side I will have four angels wrought with gold and needle-work, with candlesticks in their hands, as though they gave reverence to the Trinity." But we think the Dame's pall must have been eclipsed by the bequest of John Henryson, an Alderman of the same town of Hull, who wills, that "when the money that is owing to me in France for the Peter (a ship, no doubt) come in, that then my executors shall cause a cope to be made to the value of £30; and it to be given to our Lady's Church, for a memorial." What a magnificent cope it must have been, when we reflect that the value of

money then was probably ten times its present value ; and what a prey for the sacrilegious spoilers of the following reign ! The same testator continues : “ Also I will that my executors shall cause a case of velvet to be made for the Blessed Sacrament, to hang over the high altar : ” in allusion to the ancient practice of suspending the Blessed Sacrament in a vessel over the altar. Another alderman of Hull, John Norman, in endowing a chantry priest, stipulates that “ he shall say daily, within the foresaid church (All Saints) the psalms *De profundis* and *Miserere* ; and, after these said, to cast holy water upon my said grave.” There is a charming *naïveté* about the next extract which we shall present to our readers ; it is from the will of Sir John Rocliff of Colthorpe, the last will in the collection : he wills that : “ the said convent of the said Grey Friars, for evermore, every Tuesday, shall sing the Antiphone of Jesu about my grave, that is sung on the Friday for my father in the said Convent Church (in York) ; after which Antiphone so sung, I will that the said Friars and Convent, bowing and holding down their heads, with a piteous voice, sing this verse ; *Nunc Christe te petimus, miserere quæsumus : Qui venisti redimere perditos, noli dampnari redemptos.* And anon after that, then one of the young Friars sing this versicle : *Quia per sanctam crucem tuam redemisti mundum :* and then one of the other Friars to sing : *Oremus*, with one collect according to the Antiphone, with a perfect end of all the Friars concluding, singing *Amen* : and immediately after, the Convent to say this Psalm *De profundis* with the suffrage and these collects : *Miserere* and *Fidelium* for my soul and all Christian souls, concluding with *Requiescant in pace. Amen.*”

We think these extracts, which are but few amongst many, furnish ample evidence of the tender and impassioned piety of our ancestors towards the saving mysteries of Redemption, their faith in the Communion of Saints and the large-heartedness of their charity towards “ all Christian souls.”

The reference in the last extract to the Grey Friars at York suggests to us the next topic for discussion which arises from the study of these documents. We mean the relation in which the people stood to the religious orders. The consideration of this topic is intimately connected with the subject of our article; for the work of religious destruction began with the destruction of the monasteries. It is frequently alleged by the enemies of the Church, that the religious houses owed their dissolution to the laxity, abuses and scandals which prevailed in them. Now the last will in this collection, the one just quoted, is dated Dec. 6, 1531. In 1535, Cromwell dispatched his minions into all parts of the country for the purpose of manufacturing a case against the monasteries with a view to their suppression and the confiscation of their revenues. Now against the reports of these profligate scoundrels, who made no secret of their intention of doing their utmost to compass the king's end, we may very fairly set our York Testaments as the faithful and impartial report of an authentic commission of inquiry. They who made these wills had lived all their lives under the shadow of these religious houses; they had been baptised by those religious men, assoiled, houseled and aneled by them; and now they were going to lay their bones amongst them; they had witnessed the entering in and going out of these religious men and women in their midst; they had made them the partners of all their joys and sorrows; they had poured into their sympathetic ears the accents of their inmost heart; they had assisted at their religious rites; knelt before their altars, listened daily for the matin, mass and vesper bell to summon them to prayer. Did they not then know them? Beyond all question, then, we have here a commission of inquiry whose authority is unimpeachable. What then is their report as contained in these documents? Not only is there no word or hint from beginning to end which could lend colour to the indictment, but these wills, down to the very last, furnish superabundant testimony to the affectionate and grate-

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ful esteem in which religious men and women were held by the people ; but there is no reason for supposing that the discipline in the houses mentioned in these wills was different from that which prevailed in other parts of England : hence, what is true of them is true of all. Now it may be safely asserted that within the district covered by these wills—the Diocese of York with some outlying places north of the Trent—there is hardly an abbey, priory, friary, nunnery or religious house of any kind to be found which is not, over and over again, the recipient of some grateful though ever so trivial, recognition on the part of these dying Christians who have been witnesses of the conversation of those whose suffrages they implored. Here again we are embarrassed by the amplitude of the materials we have to select from, for there is scarcely a will in the whole volume made by a person of adequate means, which does not illustrate our argument. Take as specimens the following:—Lady Jane Harper of York bequeathes “to the Four Orders of Friars within the city of York, 20s. equally to be divided amongst them, to pray, etc.” Sir Ralph Bigod bequeathes “to every house of the Four Orders of Friars in York, Doncaster, Richmond, Allerton, Scarborough, Beverly, Kingston-upon-Hull and Hartlepool, 6s. 8d., to pray, etc.” Stephen Ellis of Bolton leaves legacies “to the Prior and Convent of Bolton ; to the Abbot and Convent of Salley ; to the Abbot and Convent of Whalley ; and to the Four orders of Friars.” George Evers of York remembers in his will “the Priors and Convents of Bridlington and Guysburne, the Prior and Convent of Wartre, the Prior and Convent of Hawtemprice, the Prioress of Nuns of Swyne, the Prioress and Convent of Keeling and every of the Four Orders of Friars in York.” And so on all through the volume. It will be seen from these examples that no religious home in the vicinity of the testator, or with which he was in any way connected, is omitted or forgotten. We think then that we have proved our case that the universal recognition by the people of the claims which the

religious houses, without exception, had upon them, shows the grateful appreciation which they entertained of their edifying example and the confidence they reposed in their pious intercession.

We pass now to a third class of examples, those which concern works of charity towards the poor. Here our rapidly diminishing space compels us to be brief where we would fain be more diffuse. For, here at length, we stand on common ground. Even the English law, which regards bequests of devotion as superstitious, respects bequests of charity. But here, too, we have perhaps something to learn from our forefathers. Charity consists not merely in the unbuttoning of the pocket, but in the outpouring of the heart; it is "*bonum diffusivum sui*." The bestowal of relief, unless the heart goes out with it, is a barren and unprofitable thing; it may relieve a temporary want or necessity, but it neither elevates nor consoles nor purifies the giver or the recipient. These wills furnish abundant examples of that true Christian charity which flows from the love of God; which is divine in its origin, pure in its exercise and holy in its end. True charity does not look down on its object with a condescending and patronizing air, but it is a flame which burns upwards, which embraces, assimilates and absorbs what it aspires to reach. Hence we find the saints regarding the poor as their masters: hence, too, St. Benedict, in his rule, ordains that when a poor man cries for relief at the gate of the monastery, the porter shall ask his blessing as of a superior. In illustration of these remarks we would call attention to the genuine spirit of charity evinced in these wills, as shown by its universality. Sir John Gilliot, an Alderman of York, bequeathes as follows: "To be given to poor folk, the day of my burial, £20, and more, it need require; to every man and woman in every Maison-Dieu within the said city and suburbs, 2d; to every man and woman in the four leper homes, 3d; to every prisoner within the said city, to pray for me, 3d; to every man and woman lying bedridden,

and may not go, 3d." One very common form of bequest which shows the universality of this charity, was to leave something "to every house in the parish, wherever fire is daily used." The will of Sir Marmaduke Constable of Flamborough, is interesting in this respect. He says: "And for because I will there no dole be made nor given for me, called penny dole, nor any alms dealt nor given under that manner and form, I will that every town and parish within Dickering, Harthill, and Byckrose, Ouse and Derwent, Howdenshire, Holderness and part of Lincolnshire, have both alms and relief as I have appointed in seven bills to this my will, annexed; the which bills I will be put in execution as soon as is possible after my decease; that is to say, to begin upon the morn next after my death; and some of my trusty servants of my household, or other substantial, true men to ride forth with the said bills, and to deliver to every town, parish church or chapel, the money to them so limited in the said bills, to the intent to pray for my soul and all Christian souls, according to the intent which appeareth in the same bills plainly expressed. And I will that the same intent be plainly showed and declared openly in every kirk and parish according." We find in these wills examples of that true Christian charity which is indiscriminating even as the charity of the Father "Who maketh the sun to rise upon the good and the bad, and raineth upon the just and the unjust." We know that economists will be inexpressibly shocked when they hear of indiscriminate charity, but we cannot help it, and we are perverse enough to admire the sentiment expressed in Henry Carnbull's will, who directs that "every poor man, woman and child, asking alms, be given *for God's sake* a penny, without any excessive challenge or objection made against any of them." That delicate regard for the feelings of the poor, which is essential to true charity, shows itself in such passages as these: Alison Clark directs that in the entertainment given at her funeral, "the poor be as well and honestly served as the richer." John Chapman wills that "on the day of his burial, £13 6s. 8d.

be distributed among the poor of York in their own houses, and not publicly in the church or any other place." Again, what a touch of sympathy and loving insight there is in this expression of Sir Edmund Cook's will, who bequeathes "to every stranger, man or woman, elder or younger, putting forth their hands for alms by the way of charity, 1d." Thus we see that the great heart of Christian charity throbbed in the bosom of Catholic England, down to the last. For when the great change came, the pulsations of that heart ceased, crushed as it was under the iron grip of the impious and fanatical crew who were sworn to uproot every trace of the ancient religion and piety. In the very first session of Edward the Sixth's Parliament, 1547, the following Act was passed, which shows what treatment they received who "put forth their hands for alms." Whosoever* "lived idly and loiteringly for the space of three days" came under the description of a vagabond, and was liable to the following punishment: two justices of the peace might order the letter V to be burnt on his breast, and adjudge him to serve the informer two years as his slave. His master was bound to provide him with bread, water and refuse meat; might fix an iron ring round his neck, arm or leg; and was authorised to compel him to "labour at any work, however vile it might be, by beating, chaining or otherwise." Truly this was a blessed reformation, whose first act was to introduce such Draconian legislation as this as a substitute for the tender, sympathetic charity of Catholic tradition!

Another phase of charity displays itself in the frequent bequests which are made on behalf of poor prisoners. Thus, Sir John Gilliot leaves £3 "to be given in meat and drink within the space of three years to the prisoners in the Castle of York." Lady Jane Harper wills that "mine executors find flesh and bread every Sunday to the value of 5d. to be had unto the prisoners of the Castle by one whole year after my decease." John Marshall, a York merchant, wills that "the prisoners in

* State of Realm; quoted by Lingard, vol. vii., chap. i. p. 24.

the Castle, . . for the space of two years, have 6d. in the week, to be wared (laid out) in bread every Friday." In order to appreciate the value of this form of benevolence, we should be able to realise the forlorn condition of prisoners in former times. But with our modern notions of the *minimum* that is requisite to make life endurable, we should have a difficulty in realising the deplorable condition of these unfortunate beings, their utter abandonment and destitution of not only the common decencies, but of the necessities of life. One fact like the following will enable us to form a better idea of the state of things than whole pages of description. In 1577, when the prisons of England were crowded with Catholic victims, took place what is called the "Black Assize" at Oxford, when the judges, the jury, the bar, and many of the spectators, to the number of 300, were suddenly seized with a malignant disorder, which terminated fatally within thirty hours. It was attributed to the pestilential stench which emanated from the unfortunate prisoners who were arraigned. Lingard says that "on one occasion not fewer than twenty Catholics of family and fortune perished of an infectious disease in the Castle of York." Such facts as these will help us to form an idea of what their sufferings must have been, what a cruel, though lingering, and the more cruel in proportion as it was more lingering, martyrdom they must have endured. We are all now much interested in the cause of our English Martyrs, many of whom have had their claims to the honour of canonization deferred, as having died in prison, and not under the hangman's hands. It is important, then, that it should be understood what dying in prison implied. In modern times, when we are precluded from imitating the piety of our ancestors in providing the prisoners with a Sunday or Friday dole—public virtue being higher in our day, and public duty better performed—we can at least exercise our charity towards our martyr-prisoners by striving to obtain for them the crowns and the palms which they have been expecting so long.

As we have touched on the subject of sanitation, we may

remark that there is much in our wills which throws a light upon a kindred topic—the state of the roads and bridges before there were highway rates. How bad it was, and what benefactors to their species some of our testators were, will appear from the following extracts:—Alison Clark leaves 6s. 8d. to help to pave the causeway beside St. Antony's in the Horse-fair. John Walton, a rustic who wishes to be buried before King Harry (the Sixth),* directs that "a hole in the brig toward Allerton be mended at my cost." Robert Rayner leaves 6s. 8d. "to the reparation of brigs and ways in East Drayton (Notts)." William Vasey, alderman of Doncaster, bequeathes "to the reparation of the Friars Minors' brig, and the Mary brig (each), 6s. 8d. yearly." Marmaduke Constable wills that "all the evil pieces of ways in the town of North Cliff, from the north end to the south end, be made able for all manner of passages, and other carriages, with gravel, sand, and stone, so substantially as can be desired by my wife and her counsel." John Rose, alderman of Nottingham, devises an estate of which "the second part to be disposed upon mending or reparelling of certain highways about the said town of Nottingham."

The activity of religious life in England finds its expression in the frequent allusions to religious guilds. These seem to have been very numerous. Sir John Gilliot makes reference to no fewer than six guilds in York alone—namely, those of the Trinity, of Corpus Christi, of St. John the Baptist, of St. George, of St. Christopher, and of St. Antony; whilst Dame Thurescrosse makes mention of three in the Lady Church at Hull, namely, those of Jesu, of St. James, and of St. Helen.

There is one old-fashioned devotion which we have seen resuscitated in our own days, the making of pilgrimages. But our forefathers were more happily situated than ourselves in this respect, inasmuch as they were not obliged to leave the country in order to find a shrine whereat to pay their devotion. It will be interesting to put on record some of those which are indicated

* Who was long venerated as a Saint in England.

in these wills. John Cowper, a butcher of York, wills "that Margaret my wife, or another, ride or go pilgrimage for me, that is to say, to our Lady of Burgh, to our Lady of Carlisle, to King Henry (the Sixth) of Windsor, and to the Rood of Doncaster at the brig end." Thomas Batley wills "that one person go for me to our Lady of Walsingham, and to our Lady of the Sea Coast." Sir Thomas Strangeways wills "that one ride to Canterbury for me in pilgrimage, and offer a noble unto St. Thomas for me ; and he that shall ride, for to go by our Lady Walsingham, and therefore to offer unto that Blessed Lady for me, 20d." One testator, Richard Peke of Wakefield, seems to have been troubled with scruples on this score, for he compounds with his conscience by trying to improve the roads for other pilgrims : "for pilgrimages not done I bequeathe to pavement in Northgate in Wakefield, 6s. 8d., and 3s. 4d., where it is most need, by the discretion of Sir William Joys, priest, to amend a foul hole about the brig."

We must now draw our discursive remarks to a conclusion ; but before doing so, we would draw attention to one interesting fact which we learn from the Editor's note ; namely, that one bequest contained in one of these wills is still in force after the lapse of 370 years. It is found in the will of Sir William Aikerode, Rector of Marston. He devises an estate, which he specifies, in trust for the exhibition of a scholar at Oxford or Cambridge, "*usque ad finem mundi*." On which the learned Editor remarks : "this trust is still running, but in a somewhat altered form, and now produces a large sum annually, by which several scholars are assisted to the University ; Batley grammar school receives a considerable pecuniary gift, whilst the residue, amounting to some hundreds of pounds yearly, is paid over to the Leeds College of science." Thus an estate intended for the exhibition of *one* scholar, now furnishes *several*, endows a grammar school, and leaves a residue of some hundreds of pounds.

Lest any of our readers should imagine that, amidst the multifarious bequests towards purposes of piety and charity, which

we have quoted, the imperious claims of justice might have been overlooked, we will quote from the will of Sir John Rocliff a "conscience clause" of stringent severity: "And this is my last will, full mind and true intent; that my debts be paid immediately after my departure from this transitory life. *Quia non dimittitur peccatum, donec restituatur ablatum*; trusting that you, that be my friends in this transitory world, that you will be rather my better friends when my soul is departed from my body, where I neither can nor may help myself, but shall be at the will and pleasure of Almighty God, into whose hands I commend my soul." Just one more extract to the same effect, which we have purposely reserved as a *bonne-bouche* for the last, and which, not to spoil the effect, we give in the original spelling. It is taken from the will of Sir Edmund Cook, Vicar of Acclam. The will was made August 16th, 1530, and proved August 7th, 1531. God took this good priest to Himself, before the mystery of iniquity was consummated. "Item, os fore enent my dettes, I aw noyn, bot (except) if it be unto the vetuler's howse, os may happyn, some halfpenny or some penny, wher I bought my caittes: for why, I usid all way, I thank God, to pay even frome hand, and tharfor if thar be any noghty or unjust person, what so manner of man or woman os ever if y^a be, y^t is tosay, sibbe or forinend (kinsman or stranger), spirituall or temporall, y wald chaunleges (challenge) debt, whar os noyn is, trust thame never, for y^a are noght worthy to abide emong the trew Chrystyn people of o^r Saviour Christ Jhesu. Per me dominum Edmund Cooke, Vicar de Acclome." With this exquisite specimen of vigorous old English, sound common sense, and sterling integrity, we take our leave of north-country wills and will-makers, assuring our readers that we have by no means exhausted the interest of these tell-tale documents.

W. WALLACE, O.S.B.

Winter's Eve.

THE tired-out trees by tired-out skies o'ercast,
Bend low in tattered leaves before the blast ;
Their full-blown pride, the triumph of a day,
Has drooped and with a summer passed away.
Despoiled, but not of hope ! 'Tis man alone
Looks back on lost delights as ever gone.
Though death-like stretched across our wintry house,
Is hope not nestled in those naked boughs ?
They weave a dream beneath their shroud of rime,
And smile in sleep, the dream of springing time,
When the new sunshine gathers in their arms,
And the new buds burst out and flower in swarms.

THOS. GORDON HAKE.

Frank Leward.

(Continued.)

HOME AGAIN.

Mrs. Leward to Mrs. Herbert.

THE SHRUBBERY, Feb. 15, 1840.

DEAREST MOTHER,—My beautiful boy has come back, full of stories of that strange dark underworld where he has been, and so affectionate and true. Of course he is much changed and grown, but as noble and good as ever. I hardly know how to begin to tell you about it all. We hardly knew whether to laugh or cry when he walked in on Saturday evening, it seemed it could scarcely be true that he was back and that all I have suffered was over at last and I had my boy in my arms once more, never to go away again. He was very shy at first. You would hardly know him again, he is so changed, but when you are with him a little time you see the old look come back and it's the same dear boy again.

Francis is still away in London, and enjoyed seeing the marriage of our beloved young Queen to the good Prince, who seems from all the reports we hear from those who know him best, to be a perfect model of what a prince should be, in spite of all the small jealousy and meanness shown by some members of Parliament and even by some in the House of Lords. I was rather glad that I was alone when our dear Frank came back. I sometimes dread the meeting between him and Francis. Francis is so strict and has been brought up in a school with

notions so different to those of the present day. Frank has become a thorough sailor. Of course his ways are different, and as so many young men do now, he smokes a good deal, which I am afraid Francis will object to. Still if other young men do it why should not Frank?

I was afraid he would have lost all his good manners, and look shabby, but not at all. He made enough coming home to get proper things in London, and when we went to church on Sunday, I felt so proud to take the arm of my fine sailor son, and oh, dear mother, the inexpressible joy when I knelt by his side and offered up the most heart-felt thanks that I think a woman ever poured out before the throne of God. I was very much affected, who could help it at such a time? How often kneeling there had I almost repined against the divine will and now all is cleared up, and I sometimes think I can see it was ordered for the best. Yet still in our short-sightedness it seems strange to me that one who might have done so much and been amongst the cleverest and most useful should now fill so comparatively small a sphere as a sailor's must be. Still I think to be good and brave is better even than to be great and clever and my trials might have been much worse.

He has brought me a present of a rug made out of the skin of some strange animal. It is very warm and comfortable, and would be very handsome only Frank was obliged to use it coming round Cape Horn where it was so dreadfully cold to keep himself warm at night, and it got a good deal stained with salt-water and other things, but I shall treasure it as one of my greatest treasures because it was so thoughtful of him to bring it and because it protected him so often from the intense cold.

Good-bye, dear Mamma. I must bring Frank to see you soon, but he must not come without me, I want you so much to see my boy. I hardly know how I have written this, it all seems so strange and as though I was living in a world of happy dreams. Your happy and loving

MARY.

Bampton to Frank.

ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD,

Feast of S. Chad A.D. 1840.

MY DEAR FRANK,—I am so delighted to hear of your return after your peregrinations round the world. You have heard, I daresay, that I came up last October term. I wish you had stayed at Upton. You would just be thinking of coming up now, and you can form no idea of the beauty of Oxford, or the perfectly enjoyable life we lead. They say it is the happiest time in a man's life, and I do not think anything could be happier. The University is full of interest. You remember how fond we used to be of reading about King Charles and the noble stand he made against schism and heresy. Here one seems to live again in that time.

Close by and nearly connected with Oriel is S. Mary's with its porch and statue of our Blessed Lady just as it was erected by the holy Laud and once formed part of the charges brought against him on his impeachment, as it now shines out a special jewel in his martyr's crown.

New Inn Hall, though plain externally is full of loving interest, for there they turned the rich plate, the free offering of all the Colleges, into money to aid the good King in his great crusade.

S. Edmund Hall takes us back to an earlier period, when the brave Edmund Rich of Abingdon gladly gave up the immense revenues of his see and went into exile rather than yield one jot of his ecclesiastic right, and was willing to lay down his life for the cause for which he fought, as his great predecessor S. Thomas of Canterbury had done before him.

You *would* enjoy too the boating. The river is alive every afternoon with joyous crews skimming the Isis with their boats, and we could make many pleasant excursions "rejoicing to Newnham and Godstowe." You must come up next term and

stay with me for a week at least. I can get you a bed at my scout's.

Sunday is a perfectly peaceful day at Oxford. Not the morose Puritan's Sabbath, nor the noisy saturnalia of continental Sundays. We on that day enjoy the calm thoughtful repose enjoined by the purer catholicity of our ancient Church, and *inter pocula* do not disdain social gatherings and festal entertainments. How you would astonish our men at breakfasts and wines by your stories of the antipodes, kangaroos, and other strange sights you have seen on your travels!

I should like, too, on Sunday to take you to S. Mary's to hear Newman, the greatest man of the age. You should see his face and hear his voice, you would be reminded of S. Bernard and S. Francis of Assisi. He has been particularly kind to me and would be much interested in you if I was to introduce you. I am going in for smalls soon, so I am working for the schools, but at Commemoration I shall be quite free, and you *must* come to see me then.

Write soon and say you are coming. Meanwhile I am, and always shall be, your very affectionate friend,

C. AUGUSTIN BAMPTON.✝

Mrs. Leward to Mrs. Herbert.

THE SHRUBBERY, June, 1840.

DEAR MAMMA,—Frank is away at Oxford, staying with his friend Bampton, for the Commemoration. After that they mean to go to Upton for the breaking up, and to play in a cricket match against the boys. I am glad Frank has this opportunity of a change, his life here must be rather dull, though he never complains. I am glad too he can be with his old friend, who is decidedly clever and original, though deeply affected I fear by the Tractarian movement. Francis you know has a great horror of it, though for my part, if a young man is good, religious and

thoughtful, I do not think it matters much what particular form his religious views may take. Dr. Newman is no doubt very attractive to young men, but Francis declares he is purposely remaining in our Church with the design of Romanizing it. I do hope Bampton will be staunch, it would be such a pity to lose him.

Frank and his father get on fairly well together, though there was much embarrassment at first and Francis thinks he ought to have something settled to do. He has proposed to take a small farm for him, but Frank does not care about it, and he told me the other day if he took to farming at all it would not be in England. You can imagine how I broke down for I knew what he meant and I have ever looming before me the dread lest he should leave me again.

Frank and I hope to come to Claydon at the end of the month. I think sometimes Francis wishes Frank to be away when Arthur comes home, he is so particular about Arthur. I am looking forward so to coming with Frank to see you.—Your affectionate daughter,

MARY.

J. Jones to Frank.

HULL, July 10.

DEAR OLD MAN,—Here I am, stuck up in this beastly dirty hole. I kept to the old tub as long as I could and then I went home. My governor was not so bad after all as I expected and said he forgave me and all that but I couldn't stand King's Square and the infernal dinner parties. I got rather tight at one and the next day the governor said he thought I had better get a ship and that he knew some of the big owners in the city and would speak to one of them. So I've come on a coaster as 'hird mate and am reading like old Harry to pass for second but it's beastly difficult. What do you say when I get back to going out again to Van Diemen's Land? its much jollier than

this old hole. My governor would give me something to take a small place there. I had a letter from Polly the other day she says she's been awfully good and wants me to go back. There will be a ship going to New Zealand in about two months which will put in at Launceston we could easily manage to get out in that. Are you game? I am. Write soon care of Weaber Jones & Blogg, Throgmorton St London. The women are awfully ugly here and call the beastly place Ool.—Yours,

JOHN JONES.

Mr. Saunders to Mrs. Leward.

BOWNESS, LAKE WINDERMERE.

DEAR MRS. LEWARD,—I must write to congratulate you on your son's return. It was a great pleasure to me and to all of us to see him again. He received quite an ovation from the boys. He is still the same genuine, modest fellow he always was, with all the old childlike simplicity of character we knew and loved so much. I am very glad to find he and Bampton were as great friends as formerly. What the one wants the other supplies. Bampton is thoughtful, erudite, and clever, intensely earnest, enthusiastic, and pious, but too much taken with externals, which seem to appeal to a certain feminine quality of his character, while Frank is a fine, strong young man, whose only fault is a tendency to despise conventionalities. The one will, I expect, broaden out into a remarkable genius, and the other, though so diffident of himself, if he will take the culture his friend can give, may become a most useful country gentleman, should his want of ambition prevent him from aspiring to anything higher.

I was grieved to discover, in a long conversation I had with him, that he is not satisfied with his present position, and that he meditates leaving England again. I am not surprised that one of his roving spirit should yearn to increase his knowledge of the world, a desire which, I have no doubt, increases with its

being indulged in ; and I believe his sensitive nature feels deeply the position in which he is placed, and if I might say so, the not altogether cordial terms on which he seems unfortunately to be with his father. I don't suppose he has even hinted at this to you, but I can see it rankles in him. The result will be, I have no doubt, that he will be anxious to emigrate altogether, or at least for a considerable time, and we shall lose one whom we so much wish to keep here, and he will lose the opportunity of cultivating the tastes which he possesses. It is greatly to be regretted that something cannot be found for Frank to do in England which would satisfy his active mind and habits. Your younger son is now at the head of the school, and will, I have no doubt, if his health continues good, do very well when he goes to the University. He has mathematical abilities of a very high order.

I wish Frank and Bampton could have come with me to the Lakes, where I generally spend my summer holidays ; but Frank was anxious to visit his grandmother, to whom he has a very strong attachment, and Bampton was, I believe, to spend some time with him there. I should like to have taken both to Rydal Mount to see Mr. Wordsworth. I was there the other day, and the great poet gave me the same kind, genial greeting that one always gets there. It made no difference to him that the day before he had entertained the Queen Dowager. I visited Southey, too, but his mind is quite gone. Frank would have enjoyed seeing these great men ; for although he does not seem to read much, and certainly never quotes, he has a great appreciation of good poetry. While he was at Upton lately I read something of Wordsworth's to him, and he made a remark which, coming from him, struck me. He said he didn't like what people call sacred poetry, but he did like Wordsworth, because all his poetry was sacred.

I have taken the liberty of writing this long letter, because I thought you would like to know my opinion of Frank, and I

was anxious to throw out a suggestion I should be so glad to see acted upon.—I am, my dear Mrs. Leward, yours very sincerely,
A. M. SAUNDERS.

MRS. LEWARD,
Mrs. Herbert Claydon,
Bath.

Mrs. Leward to Mr. Leward.

THE GLADES, *July 24.*

MY DEAR HUSBAND,—We have been spending a very happy time here. I wish you could have come with us. The only drawback has been mamma's rheumatism which often confines her to her room. She has aged considerably. The excitement of having us with her, and of seeing Frank again rather upset her at first. Frank is very good and attentive. Bampton came last week, and is a great addition to our party, he talks so well and is so clever and gentle and fond of Frank. I don't think he is nearly so High Church as people say, at any rate he does not show it. He is very anxious that Frank should work with a tutor and go up to Oxford. How I wish it might be done. I and Bampton have long talks together on the subject. My dear husband you little know our boy's affectionate and sensitive nature, or I think you would be more considerate to him. You are so much wiser and know so much more of things than I do I know but I believe Frank notices a coldness on your part, and that it pains him deeply. From what he has said to me and more from what Bampton has told me I am afraid he has made up his mind to emigrate. He says he hates an idle life, and never will be dependent on any one, and would rather go away to make a home for himself than be a burden upon you. I have told him he will of course succeed to mamma's property at her death, and that however much we all wish to keep her with us yet in the course of nature we must expect her to be taken from

us before long and that we cannot hope that she will live many more years.

She I know has said much the same to Frank herself for dear mamma does not fear the end—why should she?—she rather looks forward to it as to a happy release from the infirmities of old age and to the prospect of joining my dear father in heaven. *You* know how devoted they were to one another, and ever since his death I think she has regarded this life only as something standing in the way of a happy reunion with him she so dearly loved and loves.

Don't scold me dear Francis for what I have written. If you drive Frank from me again I think I would rather go with mamma and be relieved from the changes and chances of this variable world. I have felt for some time that the happiness I have had since Frank's return was too great to last and that I ought to expect some great overpowering sorrow to make up for it.

I forgot to mention that Mabel is here frequently, she and Frank are much together, and seem so happy in one another's company. Only the other day mamma and I were watching them from her window as they were walking together in the garden, and we could not help expressing what we had both so long thought how nice it would be if some day they were to become man and wife. I *know* she likes him and I believe he is very fond of her.

Write soon, and remember to tell us exactly how you are my dear husband. Your very affectionate wife, MARY.

Mr. Leward to Mrs. Leward.

THE SHRUBBERY, NEAR SOUTHAMPTON,

August 2, 1840.

MY DEAR WIFE,—I have been sorely grieved, and I must confess astonished, at some of the remarks contained in your letter

of the 24th ultimo. Frank may be affectionate to you ; for me he seems to have but little affection. I speak not of outward protestations ; those I neither expect nor care for. I allude to those marks of affection evidenced by a desire to do that which he knows I wish. A more strict attendance on the ordinances of religion, a more appropriate seriousness of demeanour, especially on the Lord's Day ; these would be among the evidences of real affection and regard for a parent's wish.

Besides this, there are the habits he indulges in, and which I particularly abominate—the smoking of tobacco, the familiarity with those who are dependent on us, and other such like things.

As to Frank's reading with a tutor with the prospect of going to Oxford, I must emphatically refuse to allow any such thing. In the first place, the idle life he has led for more than two years has quite unfitted him for such a career ; and my wife should remember that I view the University of Oxford at the present time, whatever it may have been in the past, as the hot-bed of Popery, the very school of Antichrist. I should feel it as a sin, and a stain on my conscience, if I allowed any child of mine to enter there. That his friend Bampton does not make a show of his Popish proclivities in a Protestant household is not to be wondered at ; such people never do. I am still more astonished at what you say with regard to the probable not far distant succession to the Claydon property. I, as your mother's trustee have a right to know how that property will be devised, and shall not scruple to give a decided opinion to Mrs. Herbert on that subject. I am well aware that your father had so firm a belief in his wife's discretion, that he refused to allow the usual restrictions on a wife's disposing power to be imposed upon her by his will ; but although she is legally entitled to dispose of the property as she thinks fit, she is enjoined by his will to take the opinion, and to be guided by the opinion, of her trustee in so disposing of it. I have consulted my lawyers on this point, and they advise me that this injunction in all probability creates an

implied trust on behalf of any person I may point out as the proper devisee of the estate; and although they do not seem certain about this, they have no doubt, if the property were thrown into Chancery, a long course of litigation would ensue, and that a Court of Equity would certainly order the whole costs to be paid out of the estate, and a very serious loss be made in its value. They give many reasons for this opinion, and quote several high authorities, which it is unnecessary for me to recapitulate now; and were I to do it, I am sure you would not understand them.

But however the law may be, I am sure your good mother will feel herself *morally* bound to follow my advice in the disposition of the family estate. As to the savings of her income, which ought to be considerable, she has a perfect right to do as she likes with them. She has not consulted me for some time as to their investment, and I do not know what has become of them. I shall take an early opportunity of seeing her, and enforcing on her the necessity of making a will at once, and of giving my opinion as to the appointments it ought to contain.

As to my own estate, I have long since determined which son shall inherit that. It has been so long in the family, that I am bound to be very careful lest its possessor should squander it away. Its respectable income I should indeed prefer to see in the hands of one who will spend it in a judicious maintenance of the dignity of our name, and in charitable and philanthropic undertakings; certainly not in the vagaries of a wandering vagabond, who seems, if he has any religious convictions at all, to lean to the side of that party whose extermination I consider it to be the duty of the State to secure, unless it wishes to see the evil days of the dark ages revived, and papal supremacy again paramount among us. Under all these circumstances, it will perhaps be better for you to undeceive Frank at once if you have really raised in his mind any serious expectations of succeeding to either property. I have already informed him that I

am prepared to assist him in establishing himself on a farm, with the only proviso that it shall be situate at a distance of not less than one hundred miles from Southampton, and be at least equidistant from Bath; if, however, he prefers emigrating to a new country, I shall offer him the same liberal terms. I think the latter course would on every account be preferable. In a new country he would have a good opportunity of recovering that character which he has lost, and something of that position he has forfeited at home.

As to any fanciful attachment to Miss Grey, I do not for a moment suppose that her mother, from what I know of her, would consent to a matrimonial alliance with Frank, especially when she discovers, as she soon will do, the way in which the Claydon property is likely to go. I shall feel it to be my duty to put this matter truthfully and faithfully before Mrs. Grey without any unnecessary delay. A mother, under any circumstance, is the last person capable of forming an accurate estimate of her son's worth; and in your case your small experience of the world and of character renders you peculiarly unfit even to attempt to do so.

I know you will readily submit yourself to your husband's will—a will you are solemnly pledged to honour and obey. And in conclusion, I must beg of you to be careful not to allow yourself to make an idol of your son. Children are given to parents to honour and respect them. If parents idolise their children, they may reasonably expect Heaven to visit them with those troubles and sorrows which *your* conscience seems to forebode as coming upon you. If such visitations do come, prepare yourself to receive them, and humble yourself under the chastening hand of God—He who is a jealous God, and wills not that we should make to ourselves an idol of any created thing.—I remain, my dear wife, your very affectionate husband,

FRANCIS LEWARD.

PART IV.

OFF AGAIN ROUND THE WORLD—
NEW ZEALAND.

Frank to Mrs. Leward.

LONDON, Oct. 1840.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—It is all settled and we start in two days in fact we shall have started before you get this. I did not write before because I was afraid you would come up to London. You know I hate saying good-bye. It was bad enough to say good-bye when it was not settled, but I think you hardly expected to see me again for a long time. I could not stand the life at home any longer it was becoming too hard to bear. I could see Papa did not care to have me there, and it is better for me to have to work hard and get on as well as I can than to be idling about the place at home. I like travelling and in new countries there is so much more freedom. I could never have settled down in a farm in England. The only thing that has kept me at home so long is that I didn't like going away from you and you know better than I can say how much I dislike to give you any pain or trouble.

We have only joined this ship to go out in her. Jones is going 3rd mate, and I am 4th and we have a cabin to ourselves. He will stay in Van Diemen's Land and I shall go on to New Zealand where there is a great opening. Cheer up dear old mother. I shall come back again some day rich and prosperous and always have a home for you and how glad I shall be to see you in it. Give my love to granny I hope she will be better soon and wont be angry with me for going and please remember me to Mabel. Your affectionate son

FRANK.

Write to me at Wellington New Zealand we shall only be a short time in Launceston.

of the 24th ultimo. Frank may be affectionate to you ; for me he seems to have but little affection. I speak not of outward protestations ; those I neither expect nor care for. I allude to those marks of affection evidenced by a desire to do that which he knows I wish. A more strict attendance on the ordinances of religion, a more appropriate seriousness of demeanour, especially on the Lord's Day ; these would be among the evidences of real affection and regard for a parent's wish.

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LONDON, Oct. 1840.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—It is all settled and we start in two days in fact we shall have started before you get this. I did not write before because I was afraid you would come up to London. You know I hate saying good-bye. It was bad enough to say good-bye when it was not settled, but I think you hardly expected to see me again for a long time. I could not stand the life at home any longer it was becoming too hard to bear. I could see Papa did not care to have me there, and it is better for me to have to work hard and get on as well as I can than to be idling about the place at home. I like travelling and in new countries there is so much more freedom. I could never have settled down in a farm in England. The only thing that has kept me at home so long is that I didn't like going away from you and you know better than I can say how much I dislike to give you any pain or trouble.

We have only joined this ship to go out in her. Jones is going 3rd mate, and I am 4th and we have a cabin to ourselves. He will stay in Van Diemen's Land and I shall go on to New Zealand where there is a great opening. Cheer up dear old mother. I shall come back again some day rich and prosperous and always have a home for you and how glad I shall be to see you in it. Give my love to granny I hope she will be better soon and wont be angry with me for going and please remember me to Mabel. Your affectionate son

FRANK.

Write to me at Wellington New Zealand we shall only be a short time in Launceston.

Same to the same.

LAUNCESTON, VAN DIEMEN'S LAND,

April 1841.

MY DEAR MOTHER.—We have had a frightfully rough passage out and got disabled just as we got here and only managed to get into this port. I am awfully unhappy and wretched and I have very bad news to tell you. I was still melancholy from leaving you and Mabel when an awful gale came on, Jones was on deck and was washed overboard. When I heard of it I didn't know what I was doing I tried to get a boat lowered to go for him of course it was madness for the waves were breaking over the ship and we had no control over her and they made me go below. When I saw his badge cap lying on his bunk I was in such a rage I took it and threw it overboard. It was impossible to heave to, the spanker boom was smashed and most of the canvas and rigging had carried away. However, it bated a bit afterwards and we managed to get her in here. Poor old Jones he was my greatest friend ever since I first went to Upton. He was a silent sort of fellow and never said much when any one else was there though sometimes he talked a good deal when we were alone and this voyage it has always been about the girl he was going out to marry, he was very fond of her. I must write to her now I suppose and tell her about it I hate having to do it I don't know how to begin. We had made lots of plans for the future. I was to see how we could get on in New Zealand and if I liked it they were to come there. If he didn't do ashore he could soon have passed as second mate and that pays very well out here and he would have got a ship in time, now its all over he died as silently as he lived and I am more lonely than ever.

I am going for a day or two to see my old friend near Long

ford but I sha'n't have time to go to Hobart Town to see Lady Franklin. Then we shall start for Wellington I hope I shall get a letter from you there and that dear old granny is better give her my love and mind you don't forget Mabel.—Good-bye dear old mother

FRANK.

(To be continued.)

A Farewell to Switzerland.

TAKE back, O England, duteous feet
And reverent, to thy wave-washed shore ;
Take back ; yet bid us not forget
The glories we behold no more !

Sadly we leave that Alpine bound,
Whence Europe's lordliest rivers rush :
Where hills that girdle holy ground
Detain the sunset's latest flush ;

Where lawns, half lost in clouded skies,
O'erhang the dark lake's bastions stern,
And Tell's great memory sanctifies
Thy hero-haunted coasts, Lucerne !

Where Rosenlaur's azure ice
Looks down on golden meads, and smiles,
Glancing 'twixt pine and precipice ;
And white peaks flash like heavenly isles ;

Where they that eastward sail from Thun
Watch long those narrowing points of snow
That set in turn, like sun or moon,
Eclipsed by nearer hills more low ;

Where, tracking wastes with ruin strewn,
(A mountain gallery's dim defile),

O'er sands, and tawny marsh, the Rhone
Drags his grey waters many a mile.

And, lastly, where the autumnal year
Her vintage-throne by steps assumes,
And Leman's violet mirror clear
Sheds light on Chillon's dungeon glooms.

We go : a dirge is on the wind,
As though once more the church-tower bells
We loved in all the vales, combined
Their tones to answer our farewells.

Land loved and lost ! And yet not so !
Thy " Holy Writ " 'twas ours to con—
Great Nature's " Scripture " thou ! And lo !
Thy power survives though we are gone.

AUBREY DE VERE.

The Haydock Papers.

Crook Hall.

Ordinations were held at the college in Dec., 1794, by Bishop Gibson, at which the following were ordained ;—John Bell and Robert Blacoe, priests ; John Lingard and James Worswick, deacons ; and Thomas Penswick, Richard Thompson, Thomas Gillow, Charles Saul, and Edward Monk, sub-deacons.

There were still at Old Hall eight students belonging to the Northern District, when their twenty-six companions arrived from their prison at Douvens, on Mar. 2, 1795. Of the liberated students, James Swinburne, John Penswick, Thomas Berry, Matthew Forster, and Robert Gradwell, repaired to Crook Hall, and these, together with Thomas and George Leo Haydock, raised the total number of Douay students who went to Crook to twenty-two. It has been already shown, under the account of Old Hall, that the two bishops even yet had not abandoned their desire to found a general college in the north for both districts. It was only after the inspection of Thorp-Arch on the 28th of April, 1795, and the subsequent difficulties about the purchase money that it was determined to go on with the two existing establishments—Crook Hall as the direct continuation of Douay, and Old Hall Green as the college for the Southern District.

Mr. Haydock shall now narrate his first experiences at Crook Hall.

“Crook Hall, near Gateshead, Bishopric, Monday 18 Jan., 1796. Dearest Mother and Sister—Thinking myself bound in duty as well as love to give you the first account of our journey

and safe arrival at Crook Hall, I allow myself no great respite till I have fulfilled this primary obligation, as you may easily judge from ye date of this letter. On ye 17th of January Crook opened its welcome doors to us, and we were brought in amidst the hearty congratulations of our friends and ancient school-fellows. We had, indeed, to wait about three quarters of an hour before we could get admittance, because they were all at evening prayers, or what we commonly call vespers ; for you must know that necessity had driven us into Sunday before we could well make an end of our travels. And now to satisfy your curiosity I shall inform you how we passed our time from Wednesday, the 13th, when we took our departure from Tagg town, till ye present time, when I have just spent one day in ye old Douay customs, for Crook aims to come as near them as circumstances will allow.

“Lancaster greeted our eyes about four in ye afternoon, and made us heartily welcome till half past twelve ye following day, at Mr. Caton’s as you may easily suppose. They paid us every kind attention that could be desired, and were very importunate for us to stay ye following night, but we thought ye stay we made sufficient. We called upon Dr. Rigby [the priest at Lancaster], and went to see ye castle and all ye beautiful places in the town. At parting Miss Mary filled our pockets with home-made ginger-bread, which was very good and serviceable during ye remainder of ye journey. We then passed on very comfortably thro’ Hornby, and giving a look over that castle went forward by Kirby-Lonsdale to Setberg, where we supped and took a bed. At seven ye next morning we began a journey rather less expensive, for we had only to give a shilling per mile after we left Setberg. The country all ye way is very romantic, wild and stoney, fit only for grazing ; nor did we see a corn field for above thirty miles together, nor one mill from Lancaster to Durham. We soon left Kirby-Stephen behind us, and, breakfasting at Brough, rode with great expedition thro’ Bowes, and

over Stain Moor to Barnard Castle, a pretty, fine town, and remarkable for ye ruins of the castle, which we scampered up a very steep hill to see. There we were obliged to stop about two hours for a chaise coming from Greta-Bridge, which arrived at last with one of Lord Darlington's servants to drive it. We immediately posted forward by West Auckland and St. Helen-Auckland, where after we had gone past I recollected ye nuns from Lierre [Teresians], and one of our old masters, Mr. Roby, dwelt, and my brother was so desirous to see them, that he rode back three miles that night with ye return chaise, and walked to Bishop Auckland the next morning, where Gradwell [Robert, afterwards bishop] and I staid all night. On his coming up we had ye curiosity to go and see one of ye bishop of Durham's palaces, and indeed did not repent of it, for it is by far the most magnificently ornamented that ever I saw. We then breakfasted, and in a short time arrived at Tudhoe, where Mr. Storey and Blacow keep a school. We staid dinner with them, and had ye pleasure of Mr. Storey's company in ye chaise with us to Durham, where ye grand cathedral and abbey almost necessarily drew our attention. It was now late in ye evening on Saturday, and ye roads being described excessively bad we thought it better to hear Mr. Storey's mass ye next day, and so proceed to Crook Hall. Upon trial the roads fully answered, or rather much surpassed, ye description we had received of them, but as good fortune would have it, our driver had never been that way, so that, tho' it exposed us to the trouble of enquiring ye way out, yet it got us a conveyance, which, otherwise, we should perhaps have found some difficulty to have done. At last after much merriment, and some danger of our necks, we got into Paradise-Lane, a name given it on account of its inconceivable badness, for it is worse even than Hyles-Lane [in which the chapel of Cottam is situated]. There ye horses were not able in one place to draw us forward, so we got out and scampered over whins and dirt for a little way, till we got in again and rode in state up to Crook Hall, about a quarter after three o'clock.

"After the usual salutations of our friends, we paid a visit to Mr. Eyre, ye president, who behaved very courteously and desired us to get dinner. So we did, and then began to pursue ye duties of ye house. I shall tell you what they are. At six o'clock in ye morning we get up, and at ye half-hour we go and meditate till seven; then Mass; afterwards study till ye quarter to nine. At half-past nine, we go to school for an hour and a half; at one, dine; at three, go to study; at seven, prayer till supper; at quarter-past nine, second prayers; and thence immediately we may repose our weary or lazy limbs on a pretty hard matrass, and sleep if we can. Our living is very good, as much as I can tell you of it from report and ye little experience I have already had of it; our drink is very much like your small drink, but not sour, so we can do very well with it. We have two play-days a week, and are in number twenty-eight students and masters.

"And now I shall tell you how much we each expended on ye journey, for it was much less than I expected at setting out. It was just about £3 3s., or 6d. per mile for 121 miles, ye exact length of our journey. Nothing material was damaged on the way; only some drawing-paper which I had in ye great box was rather injured by ye rain, but that was very trifling, for I had fortunately left ye greatest part of it at ye Tagg in my drawer. I need not desire you to air it from time to time; you will do it, I doubt not. We are much better provided for here than at Old Hall. The exterior of the house might be made very elegant, and ye rooms are far from being bad. I have three partners with me in a room, and so has my brother in another. I shall send you ye picture of ye house some other time, but for ye present I am not able, as I think you would choose rather that I should quickly answer your demand of a letter. I shall also write to James and Peggy as soon as possible. Uncles, aunts, and all other friends about Tagg will, I hope, be satisfied with this, for I must tell you frankly that I do not intend to write

many letters without great necessity. You will perhaps be so kind as to inform Mrs. Slater, Tempest, &c., of our safe arrival, if it be convenient, and present our kindest and most sincere compliments to them and all other friends. You know I have a particular esteem for Mrs. Woodcock and family, so they must not be omitted. Give our duty and thanks to Mr. Lund for his kind favours, and tell him that to understand our regulations I must refer him to those of Douay, where he will find them pretty exactly drawn out. You know what to say to our dear uncles and aunts without my telling you ; in short, I leave all other compliments to your direction.

“I have just been with Mr. Eyre delivering our commission, and I thence took occasion to tell him the condition upon which I understood we came hither, viz., that upon ye delivery of that sum of money, all other necessities were to be furnished us by the superiors, which he acknowledged was ye statement Mr. Wilson had given him of ye question, so I hope we shall have little to trouble you for during our stay here. But God knows how long it will be, for it is not doubted but ere long we shall have a removal [in allusion to the intention of establishing a general college for the whole country at Thorp Arch, or elsewhere in the north].

“You will, if you please, give my uncle the money you receive for me at Candlemas, which will reduce it to £12, and the rest as soon as you get it (unless needed other ways). You may also make use of ye cloth I left behind whenever you think proper. I must now beg leave to conclude with ye sincerest testimonies of love, remaining, along with my brother, dear mother and sister, yours—G. L. HAYDOCK.”

The next letter is from Thomas Haydock to his brother James at the Tagg, endorsed : “In case of absence, to be sent to him at Trafford House, near Manchester. To be delivered to him with all possible haste.” Poor Tom did not accompany his brother George to Old Hall, but went to the English College at

Lisbon, and now was making a third attempt to become a priest at Crook Hall. Referring to this subject in later years, his brother George, writing to Dr. Gillow, says that he was advised to retire from the college. "Some one had written that he was funny, and Mr. Eyre asked me if I thought he would do for a priest? I replied: 'It was not for me to say; he had done nothing at least to disqualify him there, and ye bishop, Dr. Gibson, had authorised us to come, and thus he would have lost his time and money.' 'Oh,' said Mr. Eyre, 'when I go into ye grounds, I always see a crowd about Thomas laughing, and such generally end in ye asylum!' So after defending ye thesis, my brother went and taught school at Manchester, and then engaged in printing Catholic books, generally to his loss, and has cost me about £3000. My brother James was much displeased, and Mr. Rayment [Rev. B., an excellent judge] thought Thomas would have been ye best of us three."

"Crook Hall, June 1, 1796.

" You say my vocation appeared to me true and solid. I assure you it did, otherwise I hope I have more grace than to enter upon ye ministry. It is dreadful at ye best, and doubly so to those who enter upon it dubiously inclined. A priest must necessarily lay aside all ye gay pleasures of life, therefore I don't think I meant to have entered ye ministry *on that account*; nor for ease, because I think I could have more in some easy business; nor for honour, because little is ye honour of a priest regardless of his duty; nor for a livelihood, because I am pretty certain I could get a better by other means. It rests therefore that my intention at best was good, for I should detest myself were I to harbour any other sentiments in entering ye ministry but those of the honour of God, ye service of my neighbour, &c. It remains for me, therefore, to say that if there is any fault, it must be in imagining myself to have sufficient piety, strength, and resolution to fulfil my intentions. This I always meant to leave to the determination of friends, judges, and even

enemies, but I hoped they would have been more candid than to have attacked me *incognito*, so as to leave me no opportunity of offering what I had to say. I pronounce it once more, 'tis some priest who has always worn ye appearance of friendship who has given me ye stab. He has given it in the dark, like a black-hearted traitor, for if it proceeded from conscience, why afraid to be known? Did he fear my resentment? He who ought to die rather than betray his conscience, did he fear ye persecution of ye persecuted? But if his intentions were to render me miserable, I thank God it is out of his power. Priest or no priest, I am perfectly content. If priest, I trust in God for protection and strength in prosecuting all duties; if rejected, ye world is open, and ye world belongs to God.

"I've got a good deal to say to Mr. Wilson, but as I'm going to write to him, I will save you ye trouble of telling him things which I mean to inform him of in my letter to him. He will, I make no doubt, inform me of all that is said against me, and I hope I can give a good answer to all. Good God! what scene of trouble and misfortune have I stored up for myself since leaving Douay. I can't look back, but giddiness seizes my head, and I'm lost in labyrinths of surprise and amazement. I was inexperienced, but every day serves to learn me ye great end, indeed ye only lesson that concerns men, viz., that all on this side of ye grave is vanity and shadow, and all beyond is substance.

"With regard to news about us and Old Hall, we know next to none. You will no doubt have heard that Bishop Berington intends joining Oscott School with Old Hall. Crook is up to the ears in debt, and Mr. Eyre has informed ye bishop in sundry letters that he would undoubtedly break up immediately after ye defensions in case supplies did not come. The debt amounts to upwards of 400 pounds, but Mr. Gibson at last has answered that he is coming to Crook shortly with plenty of money to defray our debts. Mr. Eyre, however, has desired him to defer his

visit till ye defensions, when it is conjectured he will give orders. Our family consists of 29, inclusive of three maid-servants. George is very well, studies hard, and promises to defend well. I hope, if at Crook then, to give satisfaction also with regard to my studies, though I think I could have done it much better if this affair had not come upon my hands to disturb me. The treatises to be defended are *De Gratia* and *Actibus humanis*. George and I have nearly written these 2 vols. I mean to write ye whole course if I remain here. You know my temper; you will hear what is said, and I desire you to give me your advice sincerely as you think. If you think it better for me to leave, I look upon ye disgrace as trifling, yea, none at all—I should still enjoy your friendship and George's, and if successful should have provided a pretty retreat for you, George, and myself, to spend ye evening of this life, and fit us for another. If you think I shall suit for ye mission, if no obstacle prevent me, I will go on in God's name and lay all other thoughts aside. Reflect well on this for I shall undoubtedly follow your advice to whither way it inclines. Use dispatch that I may be at ease. Since I sent ye letter to you I have gained a good knowledge of arithmetic, but this will not be useless whatsoever happens. Mr. Yates and Mr. Worswick, as likewise all your friends at Crook, desire their compliments. Mr. Worswick desires you to come and stay with him some time at Newcastle. If you could I'm sure you'd be welcome and might have an opportunity of seeing all old acquaintance. Mr. Smith is absent for a few days, but I will tell him your order when he returns. You will give George's and my compliments to whom you think proper. I cannot finish the letter to Mr. Wilson this post, for it is going off now, but I will send it ye next.—Yours, &c.,

“THOMAS HAYDOCK.”

Shortly after this Thomas Haydock withdrew from the college, and opened a school at 42 Alport Street, Manchester. He issued a neatly printed card, with an appropriate engraving,

announcing that "he intends teaching the following branches of useful and ornamental knowledge, Greek, Latin, French, Portuguese, Spanish, Italian, &c." In 1799 he threw himself heart and soul into the business of printing and publishing Catholic books at a cheaper rate than could then be obtained. In a letter to his brother George, dated 16 Tib Lane, Manchester, June 27, 1799, he gives a list of works printed and in prospect, which is really surprising in extent. There is no doubt that Thomas Haydock did very much to raise the position of Catholic literature in this country. Several of his publications were of his own translation, and others were edited by him. It was in this letter that he announced the completion of the engraving of Douay College, drawn by himself, "and though it does not answer my expectations (this apart), yet I think it is worth 6s., the price of the subscription, particularly when it is considered that, exclusive of the merit of the engraving, it is the representation of a place which is cherished by everyone who has been there." In the following September he tells his brother that he still goes on with his school as usual, which brings him in at that period after the rate of 132 guineas a year.

Haydock's Douay Bible and Testament.

"You shall draw waters with joy from the Saviour's fountains."—Is. xii. 3.

IN the year 1806, Thomas Haydock conceived the idea of publishing a new and correct edition of the Douay Bible and Testament, supplied with a large body of notes selected from various commentators, with historical dissertations prefixed to each book, and concise lives of the evangelists, tables, index, &c. The Rev. Benedict Rayment of Lartington, near Barnard Castle, proffered to assist him in the undertaking, but afterwards withdrew from the task. He therefore persuaded his own brother, George Leo, then at Ugthorpe, to write and select the notes. In his letter to

him of Nov. 5, 1806, he says that his original intention was to commence in the spring, "but having altered the time for the appearance of the first number to the beginning of Aug., 1807, I hope you will have sufficient time both to digest the plan and furnish useful notes." He then gives his ideas as to how the work should be carried out. In this letter he also says, "I had nearly forgotten to tell you that I am preparing for the engraver . . . The Tree of Life. . . I mentioned this to my brother (James) lately, and he told me for the first time that you had something of a similar nature in your pericranium, and I have now your letter before me. I will send you Ward's old Tree, same, I believe, as Mr. Lund's, for inspection, alteration, and ad-integration, *i.e.*, to bring it up to the present time." This George afterwards completed, and it was published by Thomas in one large sheet in 1809. Pius VII. honoured the work by his acceptance of a copy, which still hangs on the walls of the Vatican.

In the meantime Thomas Haydock went over to Dublin to collect some large and long outstanding debts; married an Irish lady, Miss Mary Lynde; and opened an establishment in that city. In a letter to Dr. Gillow, his brother George says he was easy-going and got himself into great difficulties in consequence; "we had also at Douai and Old Hall Green a sly fellow, T. Cock, who had been a Methodist, and leaving afterwards, got to be employed by my brother Thomas, and ran away with above £20, as most of his canvassers, or caterpillars, did." When Thomas Haydock returned to Manchester in 1810, he was surprised to find that another Catholic printer, Mr. Oswald Syers, taking advantage of his absence, had made preparations for printing a new edition of the Bible and Testament. This work was actually commenced in March, 1811, in small folio, and was finished in 1813, having received the support of a number of priests who supposed that Haydock had given up all thoughts of publishing his Bible. On Jan. 22, 1811, Thomas Haydock issued a circular to the clergy explaining the reason

for the delay in the appearance of the Bible, complaining of the advantage taken by Syers, and appealing to them for their support. The first sheet of the great work in folio was put to press on July 11, in that year, and for some time it appeared in fortnightly parts, at 1s. each, but afterwards the numbers were issued weekly. The first impression was 1500 copies, but as subscribers soon multiplied, it was deemed advisable to print a second edition, which was executed at Haydock's establishment in Dublin in 1812, etc. The press-work occupied three years and two months, the last sheet being worked off on Sep. 11., 1814, although the title-pages bear earlier dates. This undertaking turned out very unremunerative to the enterprising publisher, and brought about his ruin. He gave a bond as security for the payment of an advance for the purpose of printing the Bible to a certain John Heys, of Manchester, whose terms were hard, and himself very awkward. Poor Haydock was obliged to issue a circular, in 1814, warning the public against certain numbers issued from his nominal office in Manchester, "which during his absence in Ireland have been printed with an inaccuracy and a suppression of many essential notes that have justly caused the disgust and indignation of his brother, the Rev. G. L. Haydock, who has engaged to compile the same." Heys was declared a bankrupt, and Haydock's bond was entered up and his property sold by auction in 1818. On the 31st. of Oct., in that year, poor Tom wrote from Dublin to his brother George in very low spirits, informing him that—"three hours hence will find me a prisoner for debt; alas! not contracted by myself, but for which I must suffer the consequences of an imprisonment to continue at least 3 months and 21 days. Wogan, dead near two years ago, supposed to be worth £80,000, died insolvent. Fitzpatrick (dead only last Friday) supposed to be also immensely rich, has only left about 6s. 8d. in the pound in effects to answer numerous demands. These were the two most eminent in the Catholic [publishing]

line. How must I then have been able to succeed where these two Goliaths of the trade have failed?" Subsequently he found that his manager and clerk in Dublin had wronged him during his absence in England to the extent of £3000 and upwards. After his release from the debtor's prison, he commenced again in Dublin, where he printed many valuable works. On Oct. 19, 1823, he had the misfortune to lose his wife. Writing to his brother on the 28th Oct., he says, "all the calamities of my hitherto chequered life are mere playthings in comparison with this last sad visitation. But God's will be done."

"The flower is shed, and the spring is fled,
And he wanders alone at the close of the day;
And the sleety hail, in the moonshine pale,
Glistens at eve, on his locks of gray."

Rising of the North.

At length he was obliged to abandon his publishing business, and settled in Liverpool about 1833. It was there he lost his only child, George, who was born at Dublin, Feb. 6, 1822, and died Jan. 29, 1840. Subsequently he retired to Preston, where he spent the remainder of his days. There the old man died Aug. 25, 1859, at the patriarchal age of eighty-seven, and was interred in the family grave at Newhouse Chapel.

"There—broken heart—farewell!
The pang is o'er—
The parting pang is o'er;
Thou now wilt bleed no more,
Poor broken heart, farewell!"

Thomas Moore.

Trafford House.

“ Lo ! where the glist’ning stores disclosed to-day,
By chemic art, assume more potent sway ;
Now in extended sheets secure the pile,
Now lend the faded face delusion’s smile :
Now vaunting, mimic the carnation’s bloom,
The canvass swell, or gaily robe the room.”

Maude.

WHEN the Rev. James Haydock came on the mission from Douay, in 1792, he was placed at Trafford House, as chaplain to John Trafford, Esq. The chapel attached to the mansion was not very large, but sufficient to accommodate any number of the congregation likely to assemble in it at one time, for Mr. Haydock’s mission stretched over Barton, Eccles, Pendleton, Pendlebury, Patricroft, Stretford, Sale-Moor, and Altrincham. Though so extensive, this district is supposed only to have contained some 300 Catholics.

In a letter dated July 21, 1801, addressed to his brother George at Crook Hall, he says that he has had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Lingard and Mr. Thompson, but could not prevail upon them to pay him a visit at Trafford. He adds “ Amongst many other inquiries there were some which regarded my dear George. The accounts were all in your favour. I was informed that you enjoyed a good state of health, were very attentive to ye duties of your station, and an assiduous compiler as well as composer. The information I received respecting your learned labours somewhat astonished me. I had no idea that a Haydock was ever born to shine in ye literary department ; experience has convinced me that I never was, and from myself I have been led into an unfavourable conclusion respecting one so nearly related to me. Though I may be allowed to regret that I was either never made for learning, or that learning was not made for me, yet I cannot but confess that I derive some

satisfaction from ye idea that my brother has been more fortunate." James Haydock was full of humility, and always underrated his abilities. Dr. Kirk assures us that he was not only a laborious and zealous missionary, but a learned man. This long letter of advice to his brother as to the course he should pursue to attain real learning, certainly displays a practised mind, and coincides with Dr. Kirk's description. He had been for some years prefect of the study-place at Douay, and taught catechism, in which branch of his duty he excelled. There are several other letters from him, which bear out the same character, but they are not to the present purpose.

After being at Trafford House for about fourteen years, he removed to Lea Chapel, near Preston, in 1807. It is said that he was so annoyed by the Trafford Volunteers assembling and parading around the house that he got the Bishop to remove him. He exchanged missions with the Rev. James Smith, whose brother William had married one of the daughters and coheiresses of Mr. Haydock's cousin, Robert Haydock of Leach Hall. Mr. Smith retired from the chaplaincy after some little time, in ill-health, and was succeeded by the Rev. Thomas Sadler. It was during his chaplaincy that the foundation-stone of a school in connection with the Mission was laid in 1822 by the late Sir Humphrey de Trafford, then a mere boy, and near this site, where once stood a blacksmith's shop, a Catholic cemetery was opened shortly afterwards. In 1827 the old Chapel at Trafford was pulled down, and re-erected near Dumpling-lane, Barton, at the back of which was the presbytery. Mr. Sadler died October 4, 1830, and was buried in the cemetery at Barton. He was succeeded by the Rev. Hen. Newsham, who spent the first three years of his priesthood here. Then followed the Rev. Messrs. Ball, Westhead, Hill, and lastly, about 1846, the present respected pastor, the Right Rev. Mgr. John Canon Kershaw. In 1856 the old school was replaced by another at Trafford, given by Sir Humphrey de Trafford, and in 1868 the present fine

church was erected by the same gentleman at a cost of something like £24,000.

Lea Chapel.

"I have no hopes but one,
Which is of heavenly raigne ;
Effects attaynd, or not desird,
All lower hopes refrayne."

R. Southwell, S.J.

Previous to the erection of this Chapel, in Lea Town, the Mission was seated at Salwick Hall, but Mass was also said at Ward's House, near the Hall, formerly the seat of a younger branch of the Cliftons and afterwards of the Smiths, and Moor House, Newton-cum-Scales, the residence of George Gillow, who had inherited it from the ancient Catholic family of Brewer. When the Cliftons closed the Chapel at Salwick Hall, then tenanted by the Gradwells, John Gradwell of Clifton, George Gillow of Moor House, and James Smith of Ward's House, purchased land in Lea, on which they erected the present Chapel and presbytery. The Rev. Robert Wilson died at Salwick Hall, January 14, 1798, and his brother the Rev. Marmaduke Wilson came from Appleton to wind up the Mission. He delivered the altar plate and vestments into the charge of Mr. John Gradwell for the new Mission at Lea. Mr. Clifton claimed them and contested the matter in the ecclesiastical courts at Chester, but was defeated by Mr. Gradwell, who, it is said, maintained the suit at his own cost. The new Chapel was purposely placed just outside Mr. Clifton's influence. It was opened in 1800, and the Rev. James Smith, third son of James Smith of Ward's House (where Mass was said in the meantime), superintended the erection and was appointed pastor of the Chapel. He was born December 25, 1775, and was educated with his

brother, the Rev. Thomas Smith of Croxdale, Durham, at the English College at Valladolid. As we have seen he exchanged missions with the Rev. James Haydock, in 1807, and died in retirement at Manchester, January 26, 1827.

On April 13, 1809, Mr. Haydock wrote to his brother George at Ugthorpe, near Whitby; "I sit down to my paper in order to repay you ye tribute of gratitude and respect so long and so justly your due At last I have deferred till a time in which I do not find myself in good order for writing, being rather unwell, and having, I think, a bad cold hanging over me. But write I must, and my good George must pardon me for any faults which may occur in ye letter." He then refers to George's purchase of land and preparations for building a Chapel at Ugthorpe, of which he had received plans. According to request he passes his opinion upon the drawings. "It is, I believe, upon a plan which has spoilt most of ye new chapels which have of late been erected, particularly those in Yorkshire. In all plans intended either for a speaker or an audience, height is essential for ye ease of each. Breadth always gives beauty, and brings you nearer each other. I have not spoken to one priest who does not wish his chapel at least to be something higher. Height is wanting at Cottam. Mr. Carter would have had ye neatest and most elegant chapel (at Newhouse) I ever saw, barring that at Trafford, had it only been higher. The fault in mine is being too small. Mr. Irving has begun a new chapel and house (at The Willows, Kirkham), which in my opinion will be complete." He then offers his advice at great length and in detail, and goes on—"In aid of so noble an undertaking you might have expected something handsome from us. But my being in a similar situation to yours in point of expenses to be laid out on improvements and building, we could not well do more. I shall have a gallery to build, and everything that belongs to an altar, with ye altar itself, are all to be furnished. Add to this a house to furnish, and furniture to buy."

This was his last letter; he was seized by the epidemic which afflicted his flock, and on April 25, 1809, he died in the prime of life, aged 43, truly, as George Leo Haydock calls him, a martyr of charity.

“Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
The gates are pass’d, and Heaven is won.”

Thomas Moore.

Two days later his brother Thomas wrote to George Leo at Ugthorpe, “Little did I think when I despatched my last letter and gave you hopes of our dear brother’s recovery to have to write to you again announcing his death. This fatal event took place on Tuesday about noon. I received a letter by the coachman late last night, and a duplicate this morning by the post, but without any particulars. The letters were from John Marsh, and my dear brother will be buried to-day (at Newhouse). I will not dwell on our irreparable loss to one who knows so well how to feel its weight. To myself, indeed, I may term it truly irreparable, for surely no brother ever did more for another, both by words and deeds, than he has done to me. This consideration ought to calm our extreme grief, that as he always led a good and truly pious life, we may reasonably hope he has concluded the same by a happy death. The impression made on me I am unable to express, but I either don’t know myself, or his goodness and bright example will ever dwell before my eyes and have their due influence over my every future action. Farewell my dearest and now only brother, I shall visit my mother’s in a few days, and will there write you every particular.”

JOSEPH GILLOW.

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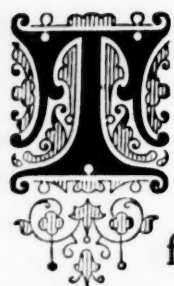
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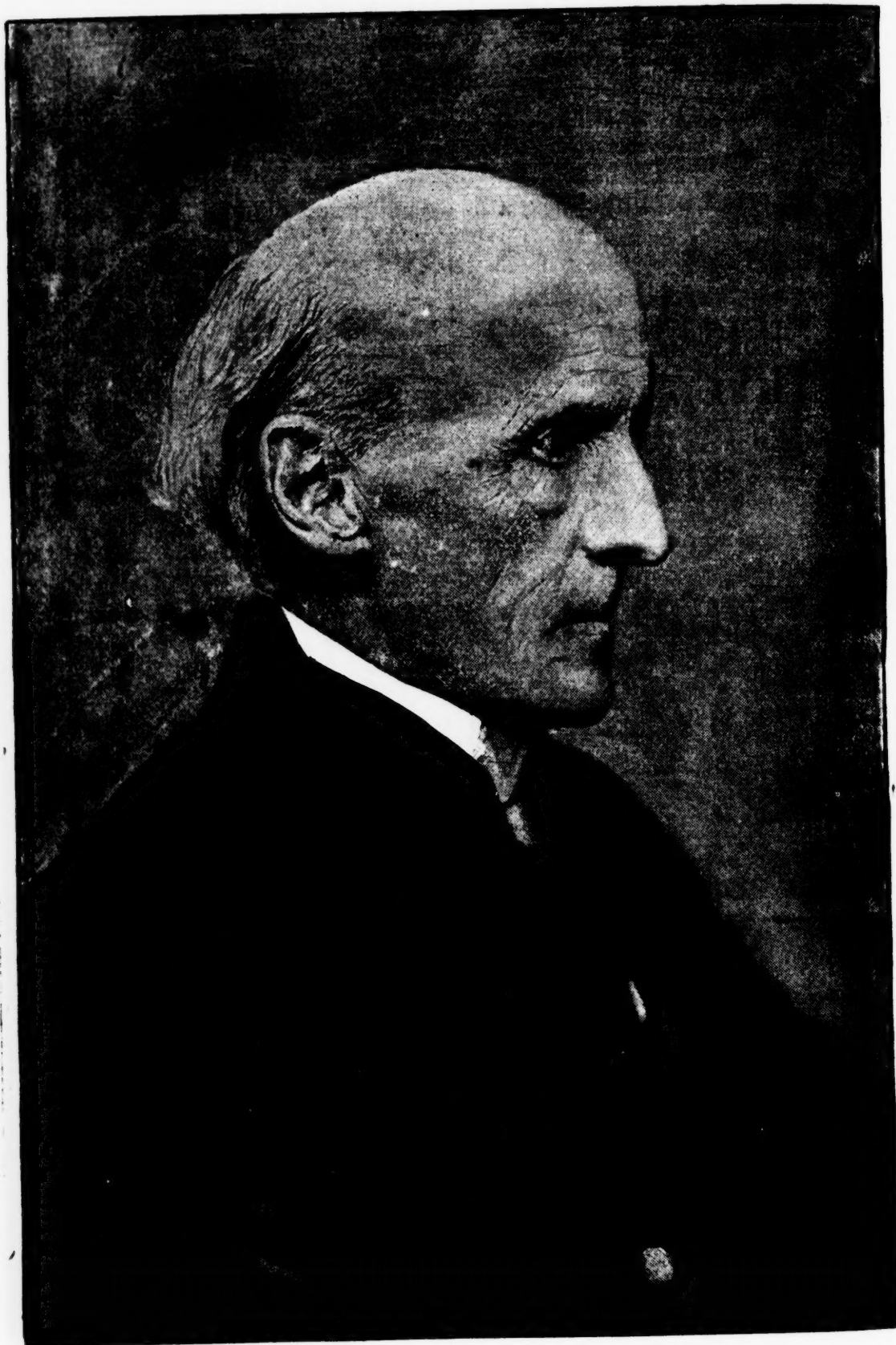
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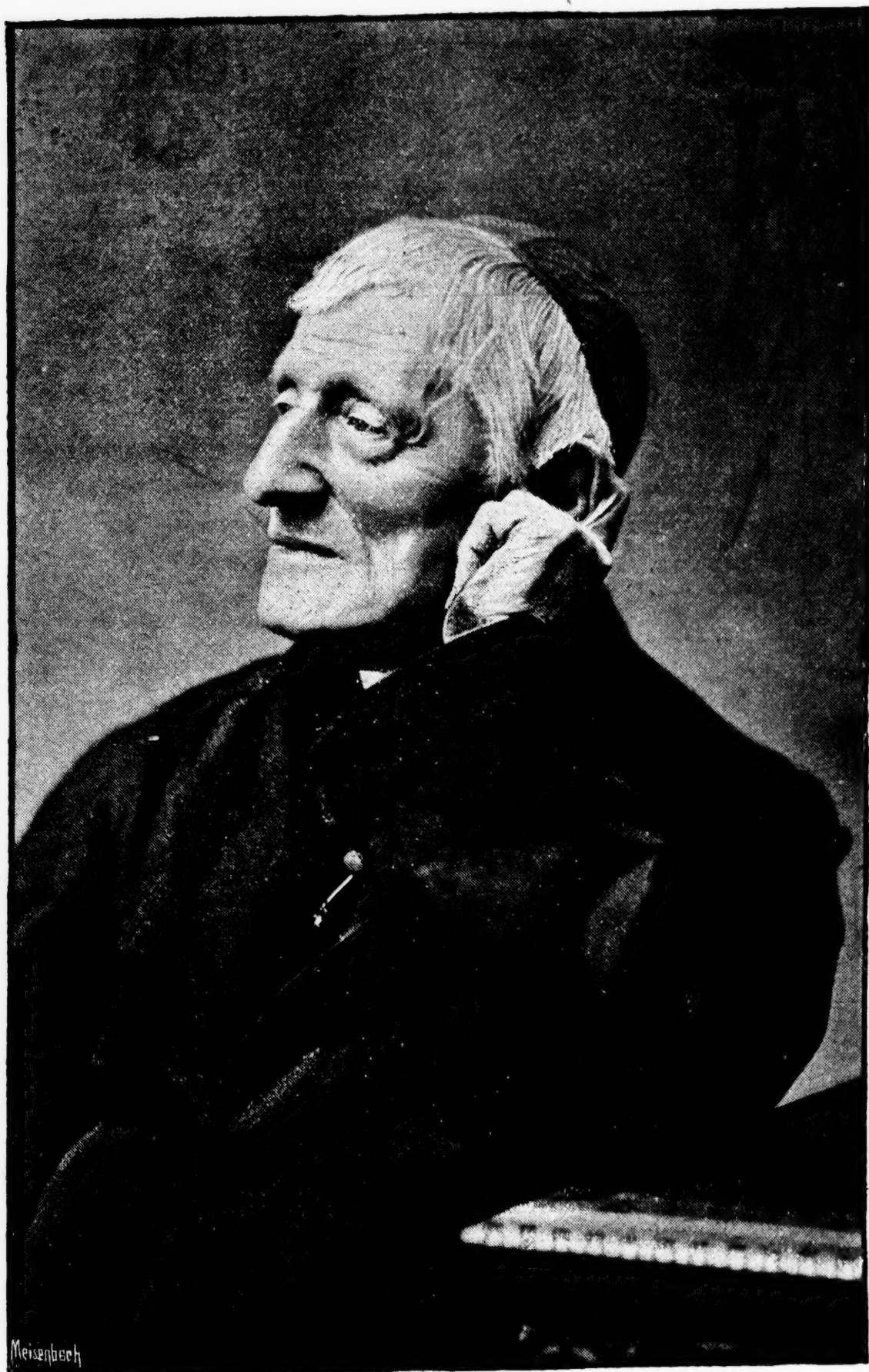
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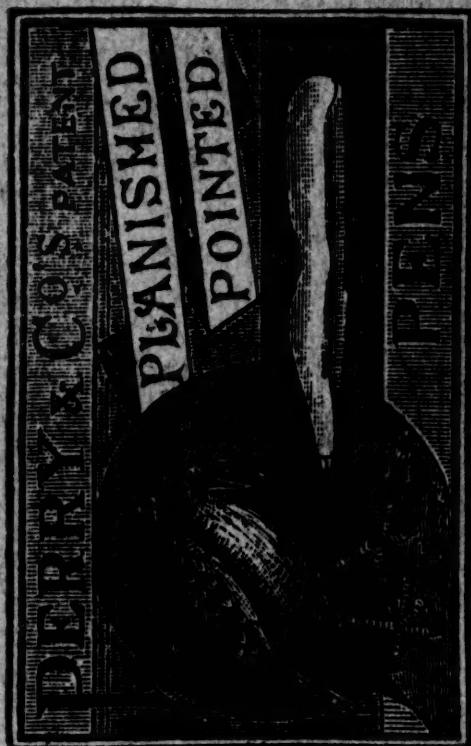
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